The
FORUM
For June, 1919

IN THE HELLS OF TEHUANTEPEC

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

By AGNES C. LAUT

The woman who supplied the information to the writer of this article would be the victim of reprisals in Mexico should her name be given.

I.

THIS is a record of fact, not fiction.

I do not give the girl's name for two reasons. It would expose my informants to the most terrible vengeance. Also there would be an attempt to explain the case away as so exceptional it could not possibly be typical. Whereas, there is not a thinking person acquainted with the facts of this episode, who does not know that the case is so typical its name is Legion; and if a Redemptive Power is not found, and found swiftly, it is not into the Swine the Devils will go, and so over the precipice into the sea, but into our civilization, over another kind of precipice into a primordial cesspool of beastliness.

It was in the home town of the State of a great Pacifist that a country doctor developed a slight touch of tuberculosis. If he would move to a climate of slightly higher altitude where the temperature was more equable, subject to no extremes, and live an outdoor life, his chances were good for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirty more years. The little family sprang from a race of pioneers, that had moved in tented wagons over the mountains of Tennessee to the great Middle West, which they colonized and civilized, and with the same urge of Destiny in their blood, which has made Democracy what it is in the United States, they now uprooted family ties and moved to a great South Land, where the government was calling for new blood, new colonists, new capital, to do for that land what the colonization spirit had done for the United States.

When the change was made, the family had wavered in choice between Canada and Mexico. Land could be bought in either country at much the same price—a few dollars an acre; but one country offered a climate of extremes with one crop a year; and the other country offered an even climate with three crops a year; so the family decided what you or I would have decided in like case and trekked South over the Border with little consciousness of difference in the settlers round them, except that in Nebraska the farm hands were chiefly German and Slav, and in Mexico the helpers were soft-voiced, dusky-eyed peons, who work cheaper but lay off in the heat in mid-day. How could the colonists trekking South in tented wagon and crowded trains foreknow that like a clap from a blue sky would come a day when one great government could keep itself in power only by lashing up fury against foreigners, and another great government could win an election only by the catch cry of "keeping out of war"? In fact, they didn't think much at all about what great governments were doing. Like all democracies, that family was a little democracy in itself and wished to be left alone to work out its own problems of finance and department of the interior.

How to fill the stomachs of that department of the interior while waiting for the homestead to bring in first returns was the primary problem as it is with all pioneers; and in this, the eldest daughter proved their tower of strength. Her name was Grace; and her mother had given her that name because mother and father had wished her to become the embodiment of all the grace and freedom and beauty that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outdoor life in a western land could impart to body and spirit; and she was the typical Western girl. She was sixteen and stood six feet tall. She could ride. She could shoot. She could peg a tent, or break camp, or saddle a broncho; and she grew in self-reliance every year because her family leaned upon her strength; and she faced life with dauntless radiant happiness.

II.

SHE loved the new land. She loved the wealth of rich-colored flowers like the flame in her own cheeks and blood. She loved the sleeping snowy mountains that sent their streams down to the meadows, as her own superabounding vitality touched to intenser life all whom she knew. She loved above all the radiant cloudless light clear as the light she followed in her own direct soul. She loved the freedom. She loved the hope ahead, just over the horizon, like the light when you break camp at dawn and go over a hill to meet sunrise. What did hardships matter? A man's work stops at set of sun, but a woman's work—especially pioneer work—is never done; but did this Western girl care? You couldn't make her sorry for herself with the sickly egoism of the pampered hot-house plant. She would work hard, and she would play hard, and she would love hard and hate hard, and—win. That was the point. She would win. They were prospering. The cows and the sheep were increasing; and one alfalfa field was yielding as high as twenty tons a year—three crops, remember—and five cuttings each crop, and heavy beautiful blue-green fields so thick you could not find a scant patch the size of your foot.

Grace managed the peons because she picked up the language quicker than her father and mother; and she managed them well, leaving to the peon overseer the supervision of the field workers but always paying the wages, herself, on Saturday, so there could be no cheating or hold back.

"You fool," said one peon to another peon one night after there had been a dispute about a few cents of wages,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"do you think Niña," (the Spanish term of affection for a girl,) "do you think Niña would cheat any one?"

And besides managing the household and managing the farm, this astonishing and tireless girl had found time to serve sandwiches to passing passenger trains in order to get ready money to pay the peons.

But all the same a veiled change was evident. A subtle poison was working. Strangers drifted among the peons for a night or a day—sometimes peddlers of small wares, sometimes wandering horsemen; and always afterwards there would be little unprovoked disputes about wages, though the Americans were paying $1.50 a day, where the Mexicans were paying only 25 cents a day and free pulque. One of the strikes was for 25 cents and free pulque, instead of $1.50 and no drink; but that strike was averted by an epidemic of mild influenza, when Grace and her father doctored and cared for five hundred peons.

But always there was that subtle poisonous change, too intangible to be fought in the open, too veiled to be known, working discontent, rankling hate, circulating lies and somehow disloyalty. Workers would throw down tools and disappear for the day. Then they would come back and beat up the men who had taken their places; or they would go off for the night and come back sultry next day, with a look in their eyes she had never seen before, furtive, evil, menacing, a look felt, which she could not interpret.

"Don Alfredo," said the aged Sr. Garcia, a Spanish ranch owner on adjoining land, "before God, I know this people, and my own blood I love with a passion you Americanos know not; but I am sending my sons to los United States to—do you call it how?—to Da-traw-it—to learn the automobile mechanics; and my daughters I send to Nueva York to learn the English. I am old. I do not matter; but I know this poor misguided people. The fools are uncorking the bottle; and all the evils of hell are coming out; and there is no hand strong enough in all this land ever to put the cork back."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And the old Don looked at Grace, the strong, the lithe, the free; and his eyes suddenly filled with tears, tears—she thought—of sorrow for his native land. Sitting in the dusky hells of Tehauntepec, she knows today, they were not tears for his native land. Sr. Garcia was trying to warn the Americans; but the doctor was American, and she was American, and they did not know. What criterion had they by which they *could* know? Had she not camped in the Rockies alone with schoolgirl friends and not as much as a hair of their heads suffered ill? Had not her ancestors marched with the march of the centuries over the hinter lands across the Bloody Grounds of all frontiers, man and wife, daughter and son? Was it not the same urge of Destiny in their blood had brought them here, unknowing fear, fronting the future for whatever the future brought, carrying the torch of light into darkness? If pioneers had not both the faith and folly of little children led by Destiny, would Democracy, itself, ever have taken the Trail? Something like this she now knows dimly; but she wants to reach the end of the Trail, where one forgets and perhaps begins again. The coffee and sugar plantations lay isolated too far from the outside world for the American settlement to know of a subtle poison spreading through men's minds for the men who had not, to arise, and take, from the men who had. If you had told them the name by which the poison called itself, they would have laughed. It didn't seem in the sober realm of sane thought. Why, these settlers had come in penniless, and bought lands, and paid the debt in sweat of brawn and brain; and if other men wanted something, let them do the same! It took years and work; but there was the reward at the end of the work. It was very simple, but not half so simple as seizing what the other fellow's years of work had won.

Then in the clap from a clear sky broke the storm. The land of flowers and sunshine became a flame of fire and a sea of blood. Huertistas were shooting Felicistas and Villistas murdering Carranzistas and Carranzistas plundering and slaughtering whom they would. No man stayed the hand of crime. There was "no hand in all that land strong

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough," as old Sr. Garcia had said. His herds were stolen by leaders, who called themselves generals, and run across the Rio Grande, to thieves, who called themselves politicians. His stacks were put to the torch. The priceless pictures of his mansion were slashed to ribbons. His furnishings were cut to kindling wood for fires to cook tortillas and beans on the cobblestones of the courtyard. His stores were looted and the food that could not be carried away stamped in the ground. Of his hacienda, only the walls remained; and they were adobe and could not be burned. Well for old Garcia, his sons had gone to learn the automobile mechanics in Da-traw-it and his daughters to learn the English in Nueva York. He, himself, died of a broken heart, as nightly the torch fires burning on mesa and lowland told him of other ranches put to flame and sword.

Vaguely Grace knew the fighting was in the name of freedom; but freedom for what, she did not know; for when she asked one of her peons for what he was fighting, he answered for his "hefe" (jefe); and when she asked what the hefe was fighting for, the man answered "25 cents a day and a free hand," and he wasn't getting the 25 cents. Though the world was clamorous with "Am-I-my-brother's-keeper?" talk, Grace was too busy serving sandwiches and running the ranch to know what all this meant.

III.

THEN one night just after dark, as the family were sitting down somewhat breathless and panting from news of the destruction of another ranch, a rider spurred up to the gate of the walled courtyard and was seen gesticulating. As the lamps were lighted, Grace drew down the shades and slid across the deep casement windows the thick cretonne curtains.

"I think, my dear," her mother was saying, "we'll have to go out;" Grace thought out to the yard, where the horseman was gesticulating.

She peered out at the shadowy figures. "But, no," her father was answering, "if we pull up now, there is no money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the country, we can't realize one peso. We might as well leave naked. Besides, the railroad North is shot up. The Carranzistas hold the road to the sea, and Villa is coming down from the North. We couldn't get out if we tried. Our only chance is to sit tight. They haven't molested Americans yet. If we can only hold on——"

As he spoke came a clatter of gun-butts on doors and a stamping of horses on the cobblestones of the rear yard. There was the piercing scream of a peon woman, a scuffle of sandaled feet and two score men burst into the long dining-room. Grace saw the shadow of an uplifted rifle that smashed the table lamp. She saw her father pinioned by both elbows as he rose from his chair. She saw a hairy naked arm, below a long haired sweaty face with gleaming teeth showing from ear to ear, push her mother back in her chair and in a trice twist a cargodor's rope round her shoulders. She head a groan and a sickening thud; and knew her father had been felled to the floor with a man's foot on his chest. Then a lantern was raised by the long naked hairy arm and faces shiny with the sweaty ooze of drunken frenzy filled the darkness; and the voice of the man holding the lantern shouted—"Now, where is your Niña? Where is the Senorita?"

IV.

SHE had never known fear in all her life. From the time she first came to the South Country she had kept her knack of being a good shot; and from the time the flame of blood and fire had swept over the land, though she knew it was against the law, she had kept a revolver in her jacket. She drew it now where she stood half hidden in the dark of the wind-blown curtains.

She could have done one of several things. She could have shot her mother where she sat bound and so—saved her. Could you have done that? Just one shot and they would know all right where the Senorita stood. She could have shot the lantern flame out, and taken chances of flight in the dark; but what of her mother and father? For the first time in her life the tremor of terror shook her and turned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her suddenly ice cold. She drew the revolver from her jacket, one finger on the trigger. Or she could have shot and saved herself; and left both mother and father to the tortures of which the countryside now rang. Could you have done that? I do not know what other escape from tragedy fiction could have evolved; but as this is not fiction but a story of fact, Grace's doom fell with the words from the shining teeth behind the lantern—"The Senorita? Give the old ewe a prod there: the lamb will bleat."

"Don't!" she screamed, and she leaped in the midst of them, a fighting tigress pleading for the life of her own blood.

What happened I may not tell, for though it has been permitted for people to suffer in that South Land past the power of any tongue or pen to tell, it has not, in the wisdom of a strange thing called "secret diplomacy," been permitted to let the world know what they have suffered. Deeds of darkness thrive only in darkness; and the wisdom of the wise has decreed light shall not be let in on that darkness.

The bargain was struck in the dim light of a lantern held up by the long hairy arm. She gave herself to save others. Herself she could not save; and she was . . . crucified! On condition her parents should be left untouched, she threw down her revolver; and she was carried back unconscious to the hills with the bandits.

The details of her rescue I do not recall. There have been so many cases worse than hers where there was no rescue; but a common method was to bribe another band of bandits to steal the victim; but when months later she was brought out to the nearest garrison town she was past all healing in body and soul; and that girl is today dying in the dusky hells of the hot country, where white men seldom go and never stay.

V.

BUT the end was not, and is not—yet.

Outraged by this tragedy and countless others, there came up from that South Land a deputation from chambers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of commerce and settlers. Perhaps they dreamed of a time when the Stars and Stripes, or the Union Jack, wrapped round a man, woman, or child, was as strong a protection as the arm of the Almighty, even in the remotest sections of all the world. They may have held to some old fabled dreams of not a sparrow falling to the ground but a great God taking account. They were not politicians. Neither were they diplomats holding their jobs by virtue of holding silence, when silence was a lying crime. They were common ordinary everyday men, with clean red blood and some decency of which they were not prating, for which thank God. And they came full of hope to get something done; for the great man to whom they came had sprung into fame in a single night with a single phrase about "crucified on a cross of gold"; and surely if ever human soul had been crucified, this girl had been pinioned to a cross of sacrifice. How could ordinary men isolated from the outer world realize that the powers in the land from which they came could hold their power only by lashing up fury to foreigners, and that the great man to whom they came in the North was to address the biggest Pacifist rally ever staged by German propaganda?

He received them cordially but diplomatically. He was not pleased at their coming; but his famous amiable urbanity remained unperturbed. He received the strangers with a smile that has been the glory of the cartoonists and the sob-sisters for twenty years; but as Don Eduardo, the spokesman, went deeper and deeper into his pleadings, with details, the details were not pleasing to the smiling urbane listener. The details didn't jibe with certain policies. They didn't flatter. They didn't bolster up soft theories. This was to say the least most complicating. It was growing more embarrassing every word Don Eduardo uttered. If he listened to this, why, why—why all the Evangelical churches and the Catholic churches and Chautauqua circles would be down upon him with cohorts of more details.

Rubbing his hands impatiently, he interrupted Don Eduardo's recital—"Gentlemen—gentlemen—in times like

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these we must not allow our emotions to run away with our judgment—they do far worse to their own women—"

"They do, indeed," shouted the astonished don, the weathered lines of his sunburnt face deepening to netted furrows—"they do, indeed, Mr. Secretary. Only last week they took two women of their own people, of good birth and of good families, off the train. They stripped them stark naked. They threw them into a vat of black engine oil. All that kept those two women from being burned alive——"

But the great man had risen signalling an end to the unpleasant interview; and the deputation that had come three thousand miles for help filed out in silence, out down the long corridors, past the press boys waiting impatiently for an interview on the *Lusitania,* past a rich young man waiting impatiently for his commission as a consul, past a colored porter who confessed to a colored guard in khaki he was sick of "them damn fools who didn't know enough to git out before their throats was cut," down the stone steps, out to the line of waiting taxicabs into which they scrambled,—still silent.

The furrowed trenches of Don Eduardo's sunburnt face were wet with tears. He made a bluff of his breakdown by fanning himself furiously with his panama hat; and he lighted an astringent cigar that stank atrociously of the tropics. "Yes—yes," he muttered. "That's what old Garcia said—uncorking the evils of hell and no hand strong enough to put the cork back in the bottle."

In the deputation was a native of the South Country, who had been educated in the North as a missionary and who later became a governor in the hot country and was, himself, kidnapped by bandits the week I left the South. He spoke below his breath as if to himself—"The same old excuse since the days of Cain," he said, "am-I-my-brother's-keeper?"

VI.

DOWN in the hot country, an old medical friend hunted up Grace. I would have brought her out to speak on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same platform as the great man if I could have found her. He discovered her languidly shaking dice with a band of lousy, ill-fed, half naked soldiers, who turned bandits by night because they received no pay by day.

"Come out?" she repeated idly, "come out? What would I come out for? I am going the pace that kills to end it quick. Do you think I could ever look white people in the face? I go mad when I see a white flag. White, God—they ought to paint it yellow. These poor devils are what your rotten white-man politics have made them for four hundred years. Perhaps when the fate of a few thousand more like me——" She didn't finish. She went on shaking the dice with a black-skinned fellow who wore a captain's hatband and had neither shirt nor shoes.

As I said at the beginning—this is a record of fact, not fiction; and if a Redemptive Power is not found, and found swiftly, it is not into the Swine the Devils will go, and so over the precipice into the sea, but into the blood of white-man civilization the poison will course, cancelling all the world has fought for, and, won, in ten thousand years.

BELGIUM'S MARTYRDOM

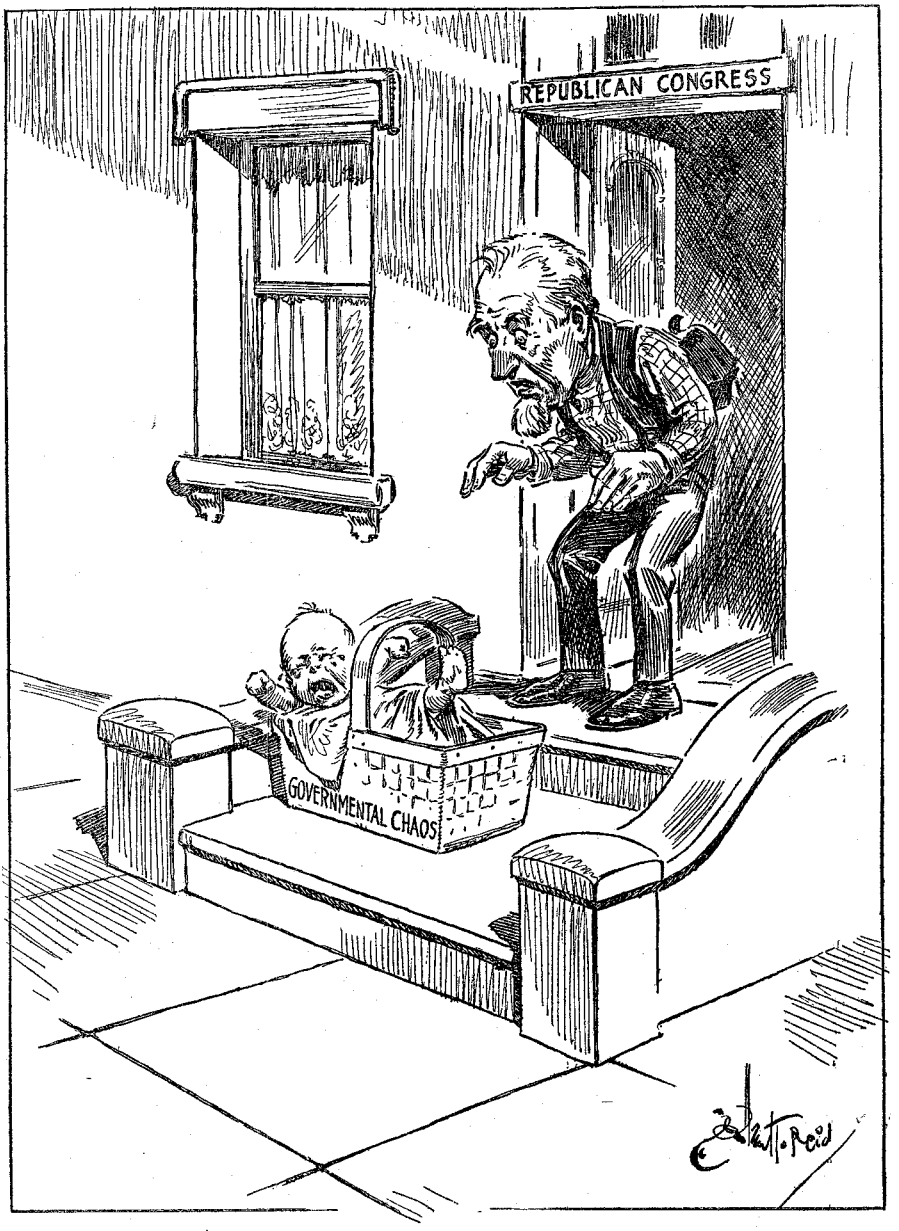
By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

[PRESIDENT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY]

THE unprovoked assault upon Belgium made on August 4, 1914, was a crime against the public order of the whole world. The damage, the suffering, the destruction were borne by Belgium, but the debt is the world's to pay. The amazing brutality and barbarism of the invading German armies surprised and astonished the on-looking world. Almost each succeeding day brought record of a new and vicious crime against human life, against monuments of art and of architecture. The free nations of the world have been in earnest and valiant co-operation to beat back the German armies and to destroy German military power. This end, having been accomplished, free nations should remain in close co-operation to restore to Belgium, so far as lies within human power, that which she lost through her own national virtues of constancy, courage and independence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE G. O. P. DOOR STEP



"Passing the Buck" to the G. O. P.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOVERNOR GOODRICH'S RECONSTRUCTION PLANS

The National Impulses of Indiana's Governor

By EDWIN WILDMAN
(AUTHOR OF "RECONSTRUCTING AMERICA")

IN presenting the significant changes that are going on in our national life it becomes a pleasure to find that our leaders are occasionally conservative and calm, yet sanely progressive and original in their advice. Whenever it is possible to discover among them a man who is living close to real ideals that are practical as well as inspiring, the inclination to reflect his opinions becomes compelling.

In Indiana they have a governor who has succeeded in expressing himself frankly about reconstruction in spite of his office. He is a man who has emulated the war spirit of his State to the complete triumph of American patriotism and courage that have thrived in Indiana since the days of Abraham Lincoln. He is the first administrative head of any State to call a conference of resourceful citizens to discuss the problems of reconstruction. Before this he had demonstrated executive skill, as well as his own national character, when Indiana furnished more volunteers for the regular army at the beginning of the great war than any other State in the Union. It was when victory was won by the Allied arms that the Governor of Indiana seized upon the wisdom of using the patriotic energy still throbbing in the hearts of the people for the supreme motive power to amalgamate the high purposes for which the war had been won. What he did for the war energies of Indiana was in accord with the history of the State. It was to a war governor of Indiana that Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War sent the inspiring message, "Well done, Indiana!"

Those were different problems, however, than ours of today. The period of reconstruction upon which we are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entering is one of world-wide importance, because as the national character of this country demonstrates its force of wisdom so will the wounded countries of the world take heart. Therefore, Governor James P. Goodrich of Indiana appears to be a man of energetic thought as well as executive skill. It was in Indiana during that first notable conference held in any State for the purpose of considering reconstruction that he presented certain views upon the question that are admirable.

He said, for instance:

"Reconstruction is the preservation of our institutions."

"It involves the complex future needs of our citizens."

"It should make America proof against destructive radicalism."

"It should impress the Government with the need of readjusting the business situation of the country."

One reads these signs of the times in all forms elsewhere, but in Indiana they have ripened. The enlightened program of reconstruction which emanates from Indiana balances well with one's best expectations of the whole idea. It not only promises, but it demonstrates what such a program can do in legislative impulse.

A HEART-TO-HEART RECONSTRUCTION TALK

NO sooner had the news reached Indiana of the victory of the Allied arms than the Governor's office issued a request that representatives of every section of the social, political, religious, educational and industrial life of the State meet at the Capitol. It was a heart-to-heart talk of readjustment for the purpose of meeting the present and future needs of citizenship. What took place at this meeting was very largely influenced by the Governor's experience as a business administrator. He was able to differentiate keenly between the government way and the business way of conducting administrative work. The first new impression which this conference of reconstruction agreed upon was, that the only business in the United States

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which there seemed to be no demand for skilled workmen was the business of government. It was shown that difficulties were put in the way of municipal and State governments in securing the highest grade of ability to carry out technical functions of administration. The accord with which this idea was received by the men who attended this reconstruction conference was emphasized by their own knowledge. They knew that private corporations found no trouble of this kind, they knew that private employment gave men and women of personal ability a chance to secure permanent employment, and ultimately to achieve power and income. It was the sense of the meeting that one way to secure the highest grade of public service in government administration was to remove the purely administrative and technical offices of government from biased political handling. The improvement was possible only by creating an opportunity in public service for a career by guaranteeing to able men the right to exercise their talents.

THE GOVERNOR'S RETRENCHMENT POLICY

THERE emerged from the wisdom of this conference an effort to legislate in the State of Indiana a program of economy and efficiency. The Governor asked for consolidation of various departments, including those of geology, forestry, fish and game, parks and waters and entomology, under a non-partisan conservation commission. The legislature was asked to create separate departments of banking and insurance entirely for economy and efficiency. It was urged that constitutional amendment resolutions should be passed to remove the office of the State superintendent of schools from partisan politics and have the clerk of the Supreme Court appointed by the court itself. It was further requested that by constitutional resolution the budget system of State finance should be established permitting the veto of specific items in appropriation measures. All these measures were adopted by the Legislature.

Beneath these measures one reads the Governor's conviction that what government needs is not radical inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ference with its principles, but the application of ordinary principles of common sense to administration. At this conference on reconstruction it was conceded that the tri-partite division of powers between the legislative, judicial and executive departments must not be touched, but that the machinery of the individual departments only needed more official organization.

One of the important problems of reconstruction which developed at this conference was the problem of economy. The question of reducing the many burdens of government had been dealt with when the legislature of Indiana began its session last January. As against a cash balance in all funds of $2,149,000 in 1916 there was a balance of $3,700,000 toward the close of 1918, despite the abnormal increase in prices and a decrease of 12½ per cent in the State tax rate which had been effected in 1917. Having reduced the burden of government the legislature received a plan inspired by Governor Goodrich for the accomplishment of a more equitable distribution of that burden. A constructive revision of the Indiana tax system was submitted, and in the closing days of the session this measure was passed. If this measure is examined closely it will be seen that a State has finally developed a thoroughly just measure.

FAIR TREATMENT FOR LABOR

AN important phase of the reconstruction program of Indiana naturally related to the interests of labor. Its conclusions were formulated after a careful investigation conducted at the request of the Governor by a representative of the United States Department of Labor. The report showed that women and children in Indiana were still working under unsanitary conditions, exposed to dangerous machinery. It showed the employment with long hours of work of children of school age, and yet, from an economic point of view, these conditions have contributed to the rapidly growing industrialism in Indiana. When the reconstruction conference reached this crisis of their discussions they expressed no regard for the economic conception

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advanced by Adam Smith that labor should be treated as a commodity. They agreed with the Governor that any disregard of the physical and mental welfare of the working class was an economic mistake. A law was passed, strengthening the workman's compensation, a shot-firer's measure was passed, an act creating a commission to study the problems of child welfare and social insurance, and there was established a Free State Employment Service.

The Free State Employment Bureau endeavors not only to assist in the problem of employment, but also to investigate the study of methods for promoting co-operation and lessening friction between capital and labor. The labor issue was profoundly studied and discussed at this conference in Indiana. It was based in argument upon the fact that any neglect of the high purpose of the war because of the armistice would be injurious to national strength. The men assembled by the Governor, like himself, foresaw the critical years ahead and looked at them critically. They agreed that there must be no relaxation of constructive action merely because the laurels of victory were ours. No spirit of apathy such as pervaded the nation in the decades following the Civil War should be permitted, they agreed. This apathy of that period has demonstrated the wide difference in our well-being then and now. A great deal of the reconstruction legislation discovered at that notable conference in Indiana was inspiring. Recalling the difference between reconstruction thought after the Civil War and today, Governor Goodrich presented to the conference a concrete bit of evidence in favor of a revised program. He pointed out that after the Civil War we were a nation of boundless wealth and reserve which was at the service of a comparatively small population. He showed that even government waste and extravagance, at that time, could not imperil the robust health of the then youthful nation. Industrial disturbances or social complexities did not then interfere with the virile assurance of that strong young nation. There was an abundance of free land then to furnish an outlet for social discontent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POPULATION CONGESTION AND BOLSHEVISM

THE whole fabric and substance of a nation has vastly changed. It was pointed out at this conference that the outlet for social discontent no longer exists in safety through our national life. A rapidly increasing population has already pushed the frontier into the Pacific. That population now surges back upon itself, and America, for the first time in her history, is beginning to feel the effects of social and economic purposes. These men, in their sincere endeavor to foresee the needs of reconstruction, admitted that there were significant and ominous voices heard in congested centers, and they agreed that national apathy would be dangerous. A blind reactionary course, however, would be equally dangerous because it would solidify the forces of destructive radicalism it hoped to prevent. The Governor said to them, on this matter:

"No Bolshevik philosophy was ever urgent in a soil rich with the leaven of political and social justice. Bolshevism lives and moves and has its being in social wretchedness and discontent."

The new program of reconstruction proposed at this conference in Indiana did not recommend a revolutionary concession to the demands of the radicals. Nor did it propose any reactionary plan. Their advice was made an equitable social and economic policy backed by a just governmental policy. These recommendations were made at a time when men throughout the country, panicstricken with fear of the Bolshevik agitators, could think of nothing but demanding that they be jailed. Indiana's governor, on the contrary, was pleading merely to strengthen the existing system of government that it might more definitely conform to the principles on which it was founded. This conservative thought seems to be the key upon which the entire new program of reconstruction proposed at the conference at Indiana is founded. It is a program saturated in the faith that still quotes Gladstone and Hamilton and Lincoln.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOVERNOR OPPOSES PATERNALISM

THE Governor of Indiana himself was among the first public men in the United States to present, as part of a program of reconstruction, the demand that the Federal Government withdraw its attitude of paternalism toward business. He regards this as vital to the perpetuity of our constitutional system as to the welfare of American business. This conclusion has been embodied in direct protests from the Capitol in Indiana.

When the Postmaster-General added to the record his recent price fixing for intrastate telephone service, the Indiana Public Service Commission took immediate steps to oppose its enforcement. When Mr. Burleson later ordered the increase in telegraph rates, giving as a reason that the Government could not run this business under the old rate without a loss, although the owners had asserted their ability to do so, Governor Goodrich insisted that this being the case, since the Government could not operate these utilities in peace time without a loss, the Federal Government should return them to the owners who could.

"Aggressive opposition must be maintained throughout all endeavors which seek to transform the free people of our Republic into mere instrumentalities of a materialistic Federal paternalism. An all-powerful bureaucratic nationalism can be built only on the ashes of a Republic," said the Governor in addressing the conference upon this issue.

The reconstruction conference in Indiana called for the re-establishment of a traditional relation between the nation and the States as the *sine qua non* of an effective solution of the far-reaching problems of the readjustment of American business. When the Indiana legislature convened in January a concrete practical program for governmental and economic changes, so far as might be possible through the agency of State government, was presented by the Governor. The program contained measures having for their object the realization of a larger efficiency and responsi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bility in the State administration, measures for social and economic betterment; and proposals for the establishment of a State highway system, the extension of politcal suffrage to women in federal election, for a larger Americanization, and altogether for the reduction of the burdens of Government and at the same time provide a higher measure of public service.

GOODRICH'S ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY

IN addition to this record of constructive achievement, Governor Goodrich recently displayed his capacity for leadership in his speedy and aggressive action in quelling riots in the coal-fields of Indiana.

As a result of a dispute between the telephone operators and the management of a small telephone exchange at Linton, an Indiana mining town, the lawless element of that and surrounding districts formed a mob and attacked the telephone-exchange building. The building was stoned, and the girls who had replaced the regular operators were threatened with violence. The mob increased and the rioting became more violent. Local police officers notified the Governor of the situation but did not appeal for relief. Within fifteen minutes after this notification, the Governor ordered the mobilization of several companies of the State militia, and trains were in readiness to carry the troops to Linton. The following morning the rioting got beyond the control of the local authorities, and they appealed to the Governor for aid. Before the appeal was sent, however, the Governor had the troops moving to Linton, and within twelve hours after their arrival the mob was dispersed and order was restored. Within the next twenty-four hours a committee appointed by the Governor had brought the telephone company and the operators together and the entire matter had been adjusted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The stern initiative and aggressive action of Governor Goodrich in suppressing outbreaks of lawlessness can well be followed by those elsewhere who are charged with the responsibility of maintaining order, especially in those centers where foreign and un-American propaganda is inciting violence.

A POLICY OF LAW AND ORDER NOT OPPRESSION

IN a statement issued at the time of the Linton dispute, the Governor said:

"Ours is a government of law and not of men and its safety depends upon the faithful observance of the law by everyone. It is the duty of the executive department of the State to uphold the law; not only that we may protect the rights of the citizens now, but that Indiana may furnish an example of sound patriotic conduct for the consideration of any un-American element which may attempt any sinister activities in the future."

Governor Goodrich's policy is not the policy of oppression, but it is a policy of law and order, and the adjustment and solution of political, economic and social problems by sane progression and orderly methods. He has said that reconstruction does not mean revolution, and that progress does not come from the firebrand but from an enlightened public consciousness expressed through laws of the people's making.

The policies of Indiana's Governor and the reconstruction program of Indiana can be regarded as an enlightened program of constitutional substance, that aims to assist our National strength. Although the actual problems in a broad sense are the same in every State, Indiana seems to lead in the character of common sense.

With the same admirable impulse, the Nation might

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duplicate that message sent by Lincoln's Secretary of War to a former governor of the State—

"Well done, Indiana!"

and send it to the Reconstruction Governor, Goodrich.

IT HAS OCCURRED TO ME THAT—

PESSIMISTS are either very poor or very rich; the rest of us cannot afford to be anything but optimists.

If people told each other only that which they were willing to have repeated, language would die out.

The idlers in life keep the workers busy supporting them.

The man who is fair and just in all things is ranked by the world as a weakling. Hypocrites have the most friends.

Wealth is so-called friendship incorporated.

No great actor ever wrote the part he plays; the man who achieves cannot impart the secret—if he could the park benches would be empty.

Civilization has made joy ephemeral, content impossible, and happiness a thing your neighbor possesses.

All the world is a war—peace is but a recess.

Weakness is the door of the heart; weakness alone opens it.

JOB'S COMFORTER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY IS A LUXURY?

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

I MET Smithkins going in town on the train one morning. Smithkins and I commute. We have been missing the same train almost every morning for years.

"Smithkins," I said, just as he had opened his morning paper and settled back to read, "why is a luxury?"

Smithkins rattled his paper in disgust and pretended not to hear. I repeated the question more forcibly. Smithkins looked at me over the top of his paper.

"I suppose that's a brother to the old question, 'Who is water?' or 'Why is a hen'?"

"Haven't you been hit by this luxury tax"? I demanded.

"I've been hit by everything from an express train to matrimony," he snarled, "and of course I've been hit by this fool luxury tax. The answer to your question is 'To raise money.' What did you think the answer was?"

"Is it just?"

"Just what?" asked Smithkins, folding his paper with a groan and slipping it into his pocket.

"Just just," I answered. Smithkins leaned forward and looked at me.

"It's just—"

The conductor slammed the door at that point and I didn't get the other word.

"Look here, do you see these glasses of mine?"

Smithkins grabbed me by the lapel of my coat. I knew he was going to talk and talk, all the way in on the train. Sometimes he's an awful bore, talking like that. But I decided to humor him.

"Yes, I see them. I see the awful face behind them, I see the mole on the face behind them, I see—"

"Do you suppose I wear these glasses for ornament?" he demanded. "Do you suppose they improve my looks?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, really, Old Man, they couldn't make you look worse, you know—"

"Listen, I wear these glasses because I cannot see to read without them, I have a case of astigmatism—"

"I've put away a case of bacardi—"

"Don't be funny," snapped Smithkins. "I have a bad case of astigmatism. I have to have one of the lenses in my glasses made especially to order, very difficult grinding on them. Now, what do you think our Government has done to me?"

"Done to you? I didn't even know they had the goods on you—"

"They tax me ten per cent extra on my glasses, ten per cent on the high priced lens, because it is a luxury for me to have astigmatism. I should avoid luxury, I should go stumbling about without my glasses, and with a perpetual headache."

"Ah, you are interested in the luxury tax, I perceive," I told Smithkins.

"No, not interested, only disgusted. Now, take yourself, for instance—"

"Bosh, why take me? I'm not a luxury—"

"You are certainly not a necessity," growled Smithkins, who utterly fails whenever he tries to be sarcastic like that.

WHEN ICE CREAM IS A NECESSITY

"TAKE your case, I saw you in the drug store last evening with your two little girls, buying them ice cream—"

"Sundaes," I corrected.

"And what did you pay?"

"Twenty-four cents."

"There you are—you poor worm, you're a victim of this luxury tax and don't even know enough to squirm! Those ice-cream concoctions were luxuries—"

"Smithkins," I said, kindly, "if you had two lively

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young daughters you would understand your error. To two girls like that, ice cream is an absolute necessity."

"Look at ladies' silk undergarments—"

"Where?" I yelled, nearly getting a crick in my neck.

"Outrageous, simply outrageous, to put this fearful tax on them. Mrs. Smithkins bought some—er—what-nots and things the other day and brought them home, the luxury tax on them alone was something like $3. The whole bill was around $33. Do you know what I did?"

"No, but I have a good hunch as to what you said."

"I made Mrs. Smithkins cart that truck right back to the store and buy pink silk stuff, she called it some queer name like 'tripe du shine' or something. Anyway, I told her to buy the stuff and the ribbons and fol-de-rols and patterns and get a good dressmaker over and have those what-nots all made up for summer. By thunder, Old Man, I got ahead of the Government that time!"

Our train had arrived, we scrambled out, he to the ferry, I to the tube. I had to run out into the wilds of Connecticut for several days to try a new show "on the dog," and didn't see Smithkins until the following week. Just as we were settled in our seats on the train I remembered that I had sort of half-promised to write a serious article on our luxury taxes, and the justness of them, why the discriminating tax was preferable to the general consumption tax, the beauties of a horizontal luxury tax. Of course it was foolish of me to make such a promise, because I could not differentiate between a perpendicular and a horizontal luxury. At any rate, I recollected my promise to write such an article—really a deep and thoughtful essay, and I also recollected that my last train-conversation with Smithkins was concerning luxury taxes. I remembered his delicious attempt at describing "what-nots" made of "tripe du shine."

"So, wiseheimer Smithkins here," I said, slapping him on the shoulder and knocking his glasses awry, "found a way to fool the Government in the matter of lingerie taxes, eh? Had experts come in and make 'em at home, eh? Great!"

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smithkins appeared to flush a trifle and he looked at me suspiciously.

"Has your wife been telling you anything?" he demanded.

"No more than she wishes me to know. She still retains her faculties," I assured him. But I grinned and I believe he thought I was in the know, for he became much embarrassed.

"I know darned well a woman can't keep a secret—"

IT CAN'T BE DONE

"UNLESS it is about herself," I suggested. He waved me aside. "Mrs. Smithkins has been gabbing to your wife. That's how you know about that fool stunt of mine."

"I know nothing, Smithkins, absolutely nothing," I declared.

"I was always sure of that," he said.

"But I'll find out, so you might as well tell me," I warned.

"Well, when I found there was such a tax on those what-not things, and got Mrs. Smithkins to buy the material and have them made at home by an expert, I thought I was avoiding the luxury tax. What do you think?"

"Some Official Lingerie Inspector from the Secret Service got wise?"

"Mrs. Smithkins had to pay a luxury tax on the material and when she added up the cost of all materials, waste, hire for the expert dressmaker and all, those fluffy-ruffle things that stood me thirty-odd dollars, ready made, cost me sixty bucks, and I had to have my chauffeur go and get the seamstress and deliver her every day, and we gave her her dinners!"

Smithkins glared out of the car window. I tried to appear properly sympathetic.

I could see plainly that Smithkins was in no mood to help me glean a little extra data concerning the righteousness of this luxury tax. But I kept it in mind during the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day and when I did a little shopping I learned much that led me to gradually disassociate myself with the idea of writing a long, scholarly and serious article concerning luxuries and the taxes thereon.

For instance, I learned that at 99 cents a fan is a necessity and not taxed. At $1 it is a luxury, taxed ten cents. I looked at a $1 fan. It consisted of a few strips cut from the shinbone of some deceased bovine, something that looked like medicated gauze, three or four spangles about as large as a Lackawanna Railroad cinder designed for the commuter's eye, and several dabs of paint of assorted colors, intended to depict either a bouquet of primroses or a dog fight. I should not care to go on record as making any closer decision.

While in this shop a portly gentleman, with a ruddiness that will take at least a decade of prohibition to eradicate, bought a pair of golf stockings, all wool, price, $10. He handed the clerk a ten-dollar bill, took the stockings and his departure. After he was well away I said to the clerk, "I suppose it is difficult to keep this luxury tax in mind. I see you forgot and let the old gentleman depart without collecting that extra dollar luxury tax."

"No tax on those stockings," said the clerk.

"Men's hose over $1 subject to a gouge of ten per centum, young man," I said, rebukingly.

"No tax on $10 wool golf hose, only on the dollar and over half-hose," he told me, whereupon I wandered over to the haberdashery section and purchased a shirt. The price of that shirt was $2.99, marked down about five minutes before the luxury tax of 10 per cent on all men's shirts $3 and over, went into effect.

HOW WOMAN "GETS THE WORST OF IT"

WHEN I brought said shirt home that evening and proudly displayed it to friend wife, she said I had been cheated. This reassured me, for what perfectly normal woman will admit that a man can shop with any degree of intelligence?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Being thus reassured that she was quite normal, I explained that it had been marked down to avoid the tax.

"I was telling Mrs. Langley only yesterday that this luxury tax is the most unjust thing imaginable. It's always the same, all through life. Poor, unfortunate woman gets the worst of it," asserted friend wife.

"She certainly does if she decides that she wants the worst of it," I remarked.

"About the taxes on luxuries," she explained, "here a man can buy a good shirt for $3 and it isn't taxed, but if a woman tries to get a half decent shirt-waist she has to pay a tax because everyone in the whole world knows that a woman cannot get any sort of a waist for less than $18 or so."

"H-m-m-m!" I remarked.

In other words I was playing safe by keeping my thoughts to myself.

"Here's a waist I bought yesterday, got a splendid bargain on it, only $20, marked down from $20.25. And I had to add fifty cents tax to it."

I looked at that waist. As I remember it now—it was so long ago that I saw it, last night or the night before, that I forget details—it was a delicate pink, or perhaps a Nile green or robin's-egg blue. At any rate it was a pretty little thing. I could roll it up and tuck it in my vest pocket. It had no sleeves at all, where the neck ought to have been was an aperture large enough to drive a flivver through, with the top down. Compared to the male specie of shirt it had no more tail than a wren.

I held this waist up beside my shirt. There were long sleeves to my shirt, with reversible cuffs, and a neck that came right up to the basement of the Adam's apple, and tails that were tails. It was all there, serviceable goods, several yards. Friend wife's $20 — pardon me, $20.50 — waist seemed to contain a half yard or thereabouts of this light translucent pink or green or blue material. It was decorated with seven little dots of embroidery silk. And as for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quality, quantity, wearability and desirability, my shirt was worth at least nineteen of her waists.

"And by the way," murmured friend wife when I had admired the waist properly, as every wise husband does, "Will you give me $30, please. You see, I had to take the twenty out of my house money."

I gave her the money. It was so much easier than trying to understand her system of mathematics.

"Now, isn't it true, that the poor women just get the worst of it with these horrid old luxury taxes?" she asked.

"H-m-m-m-m," I replied.

What else could a truthful married man say?

WHEN IS A CORSET NOT A CORSET?

HOOPER used to be a happy man. He owns a controlling share of stock in an enormous department store. He has a private office there and used to drop in every few days, talk with his general manager, read a few summaries of sales reports, motor over to the club and call it work.

He was rotund, smiling, gracious, generous, of sweet disposition, beloved by all. To-day he is the antithesis of all that. He hasn't smiled in weeks. When little children see him on his street they run home. His one-time quiet, private office is like the waste-paper salvage department of a Salvation Army shop. I hadn't known of this change, otherwise I should never have got into the lion's den, as it were. Hooper and I used to play a bit of golf. Our club was getting up a little tournament and I wanted to count him in. I dropped into his office.

Usually I found him smoking a cigar and reading a magazine, feet on his desk. This time a worried official tried to shoo me away from his door, but I had *carte blanche* there in the past, consequently I brushed the poor frightened chap aside and stalked in.

"Whoops, my dear Hooper!" It was my usual witty greeting to him, "We need you in the tournament Saturday, don't forget—"

"Get out!" yelled Hooper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I turned to see who it was he was thus addressing. There was no one else in his office.

"What's the big idea, Hoops, Old Boy?" I demanded.

"Get out," he yelled.

He hadn't looked up. This time he did.

"Oh," he grunted when he saw me.

"What's the big—"

"Corsets!" he shouted.

"Not interested, thanks," I said, and slid into the only chair that wasn't filled with books, government reports, sheets of figures and other truck.

"I am not only interested, but muddled, wild, crazy, disgusted—" he paused and fixed me with an evil stare. "Answer me just one question, just one," he pleaded, hoarsely.

"Shoot!"

"What is a corset?" There was supplication in his voice.

"Why, it's a sort of—uh—contraption, steels and ribs and strings and hooks and things—Oh, hang it all, you know better than I, you sell millions of 'em here—"

"Don't be funny. Answer me, is a corset a garment or is it underwear?"

"A—a—a garment, I think," I stammered.

"But it's worn underneath," he howled.

"Sure, my error, it's underwear," I amended.

"But it doesn't come within the classification of underwear. Look here, if it's underwear we have to charge a luxury tax; if not, we do not have to add a tax. Now, it says here on page 42 of the appendix of the last tariff list—"

I left poor Hooper muttering to himself as he searched government reports, tax lists and other bits of misinformation. At last accounts he had been taken to a sanitarium and it was thought that he would recover.

NO MORE BEDROOM FARCES

ICE CREAM, I have since discovered, is a taxable luxury in a drug store, but a necessity at a church social, for it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not taxed there. Plain washing soda at the grocer's is not taxed, but it is taxed if purchased at a drug store. I was trying to figure this out when I bumped into Al Maple, the well-known producer of so many successful bedroom farces.

"I've got the funniest and best bedroom farce ever written," I told him, with my usual modesty.

"I don't doubt it," he said, "but we've got to cut 'em out."

"What's this? A purity wave struck town?"

"Luxury tax. Can't afford to dress our players in the sort of lingerie that theater-goers demand in such scenes. Change the thing, lay the scene in an overall factory and bring me the script." Al Maple snapped out this advice viciously and stalked away.

A pair of number 13-G brogans, containing at least six pounds of real leather, is sold to the workingman at $6 and no luxury tax, yet such large, roomy, comfortable shoes are really luxurious to the workingman. But a pair No. 3, AA, that contain wooden heels, papier mache soles and about half an ounce of patent leather, in other words a woman's dainty little shoe, costs around $18. With 80 cents tax, the same being the 10 per cent above the $10 non-taxable limit. And those tiny shoes will cause some woman to suffer the tortures of such of the damned as are able to think, yet they are called luxuries.

Old fashioned night-cap—wearing apparel, not beverage—is not taxed and is not a luxury. Put fifteen cents worth of pink ribbon and a bit of discarded lace on it and it become a boudoir cap and is taxed accordingly as a luxury.

Smithkins has somewhat recovered from his amusing attempt to have those intimate feminine what-not garments made at home and avoid the luxury tax. He has smiled several times. Last evening I even dared approach the subject of the luxury tax with him.

"Why is a luxury?" I demanded, expecting to see him get sore. Instead he smiled almost like a human.

"A luxury, sir," he said with his best mock-serious style, "is something to hitch a tax to."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Just as a sentence is something to hitch a preposition to," I said.

"The same," agreed Smithkins, seriously.

Smithkins is not exactly grammatical. He has so much money he can afford to talk as he may please.

"And why is a tax?"

"A tax," answered Smithkins, getting into the spirit of the thing, "is a surgical instrument used for gouging coin out of the pockets of the common people. It is a device to make luxuries of the necessities of life."

Of course I couldn't agree with Smithkins. I can get along with shoes at less than $10, with caps at less than $2 per, with pajamas, *et cetera,* at less than $15.

"People are making an awful fuss over this luxury tax," I remarked, when I reached home, "but it is all right, we must raise the money somewhere."

"If they would only just tax necessities, not luxuries," complained friend wife.

"For instance?"

"Face powder, cold cream, perfumes, cosmetics, headache cures—"

"All luxuries," I told her, "even the headache could only have resulted from the luxury of an overabundance of sweets or cocktails or—or something like that. Our Government must raise money in some manner. It is only just and fair—I for one approve of this luxury tax, and I am going to write a strong, powerful article in support of it!"

"If you do," said my wife, "I won't read it!"

"I am adamant," I declared, "my next article shall be in defence of this eminently just arrangement. We certainly should be taxed for luxuries, we—"

The letter man had arrived and the maid handed me a letter which I opened and read.

I made a few remarks. Friend wife, hands over her ears, fled out of hearing.

The letter was a notification that there was a ten-dollar luxury tax due on my automobile.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESTORE BELGIUM

By HON. HENRY LANE WILSON

[FORMER MINISTER TO BELGIUM]

WITH the disappearance of the war clouds Belgium emerges with her territories intact but suffering from grave injuries which justice requires shall be promptly and adequately repaired at the expense of those who inflicted them. Belgium was a peaceable nation relying for her independence upon sacred treaties. She offended no one, but was herself the victim of offense. Because she preferred right and honor she has been punished. Because she has been punished for being right she should be rewarded by the penalization of those who inflicted the wrong. Louvain, with its universities, its churches and its antiquities should be restored as far as possible. The ruin wrought in Malines, Dinant, Liége and Ypres should be cured. The vast loot taken from the banks of Belgium should be restored. The machinery torn from factories should be replaced and the art treasures returned. The farms which have been devastated should be cultivated by German hands. Germany inflicted great wrong on Belgium without provocation. She should be made to pay the penalty in full.

HAPPINESS

By RUTH MASON RICE

I LOVE to love thee, dear.
It is my morning ecstasy,
My beauty in the night.
It is a sharing presence, always near.
It is no art—
With me.
It's like a mountain spring
That gushes from the rock, eternally.
It is my secret source, a thing
Of rare and undefiled delight.
It is my heart—
With thee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Web Crept Over Europe as the Mad Spider Spun

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WOMEN OF THE KAISER'S WEB

HOW BERLIN USED FAMOUS BEAUTIES TO UNDERMINE EUROPE

By H. DeWISSEN

FROM the great red pile of stone, which was the castle of Wilhelm the Mad, at Potsdam, there was spun the web enmeshing the world. Some of the strands were very coarse and brutal appearing, like the strands of a knout; others were very delicate and glossy, like woman's hair. The web crept over Europe as the mad spider spun. Particularly did it fasten itself upon the Balkans, that turbulent land of jagged mountains and rolling plains which lies below the Danube, which is where West begins to meet East. And there were ever stealing from out the web, dainty women—curling tendrils who smiled, who involved and intrigued. While the mad spider in Potsdam spun on and grew distended with plotting and with power. . . .

There was no state of the Balkans too small for the Kaiser to desire. Picture a little mountain kingdom, such as musical comedy has used for backgrounds: a country of aristocrats and of peasants, a middle-class unknown, a land where army officers swaggered about in gorgeous uniforms of pinks, blues and greens; a place where the garments of the peasants, men and women alike, were white and embroidered in colors with patterns of flowers. That was little Montenegro. There, ruled a very clever king, Nicholas I.

He transformed his little strip of land, which looks across the Adriatic Sea at Italy, and north upon Austria, into a kingdom which commanded respect. This was due to its geographical position and to the personality of the old king. Today the king goes from one Paris restaurant to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other. It is much more pleasant dining among the trees of the Champs Elysée than it is to sit in the throne room at Cetinje for the world is quite mad and a king, good king though he be, cannot return to Montenegro. He is a king without a job. So he orders his filet of sole a la Margery and calls for his pint of Chateaubriand, while, in Montenegro, Bolshevism sweeps up and down the little country leaving ruin in its path.

BEHIND EROS AND DUCHESS JUTTA SKULKED BERLIN

THE king has a son, the Crown Prince Danilo. Like his father, Danilo possessed great ambitions for their little mountain kingdom. Like his father, he wished to live on unostentatiously and discuss with the subjects their wishes of the moment. For old King Nicholas and his son, Danilo, liked to be "democratic"; which is to say, there were days in the week when there came to them all the farmers and goat-herders with grievances, and the king heard them and dispensed relief. Visitors to the palace at Cetinje said that Montenegro was more like one large family than a kingdom. Nicholas honestly did his best for the people; and his people loved him. That was before Wilhelm the Mad considered Montenegro. That was before Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz came to live in the palace at Cetinje.

From the center of the web in Potsdam the Kaiser feasted his eyes upon Montenegro. He knew that the old king had never looked leniently upon Pan-German intrigue despite attractive inducements. He knew also that for the success of the plan to create a Germany from Scandinavia to Persia, that he, Wilhelm, "by God's grace" must supersede Russian influence in the Balkans and that the wild, restless, liberty-loving country was a barrier across his path. He knew too that the Great Powers would never sanction Germany assuming a guardianship of these Slavish peoples. That was held to be the right of Russia, the old Russia of the Czars. But the Kaiser knew also that it might be pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible to win these little Balkan countries one by one to his side. *Cherchez la femme!*

The old king of Montenegro was ambitious for his daughters. There were six very charming girls. The aged and crafty matchmaker had succeeded in marrying five of them into high positions of European royalty. There remained the beautiful dark-eyed Princess Helene. The Kaiser knew that Helene was very dear to old Nicholas. The idea came to him that could he arrange a match for the Montenegrin king, the first step of the intrigue would be attained. Owing to the peculiar relationship between the Italian Royal family and the Vatican, it was impossible to think of a Catholic wife for the heir to the throne, the Prince of Naples. This condition narrowed down the circle of eligible princesses. Wilhelm suggested to Rome that among the beautiful daughters of Nicholas, of Montenegro, a suitable wife might be found for the Italian Crown Prince. Acting upon the Kaiser's advice, the Prince of Naples journeyed to Cetinje, met the dark-eyed Helene with a result that their betrothal was soon announced. And the spider in Potsdam was pleased.

The Berlin court and the Quirinal had long been on good terms with each other and the Kaiser felt certain of being able to exercise through Rome some influence on the King of Montenegro which would incline him toward German plans in the Balkans. The Italian Crown Prince and Helene came to the Italian throne. The Kaiser promptly asked the new King whether he would undertake the office of mediator in settling the terms of a defensive and offensive alliance between Germany and Montenegro. Being an exceedingly wise and capable man, Victor Emmanuel suavely declined, on the pretext that his father-in-law, the old King of Montenegro, was such an opinionated character that he never dreamed of suggesting anything to him, particularly where politics were concerned. The Kaiser's matchmaking had gone for naught.

The spider spun on. His eye fastened upon Danilo, the young Montenegran Crown Prince. He invited the prince

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Berlin. Danilo was entertained royally. He came time and again. Invariably the Kaiser invited him to one of the great maneuver fields where he sought to impress the young Montenegran with the might of the German Army. Unspoken, of course, was the suggestion, "Is it not better to have me as a friend than an enemy?" This all led to the meeting of Danilo with an attractive German Princess, Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and to her smile and charm Danilo yielded. She went back with him to Montenegro as his bride. At last the Hohenzollern had caught the little kingdom in his web.

Jutta was clever and she made herself liked in Montenegro. From the day she was installed as the Crown Prince's wife in Cetinje, she began to intrigue and to plot, carrying out the instructions of Berlin. She sought to create jealousy between Servia and Montenegro. She was a thorn in the side of the old King's policies. From a democratic easygoing kingdom, she changed Montenegro into a place of pomp. She widened the gulf between the old king and his people. When war came, she tried to align Montenegro with Bulgaria against Servia. She was an evil influence. Insidiously she inflamed the people and today, discordant with the reaction of war, susceptible to the spirit of revolt sweeping westward from Russia, Montenegro is fertile Bolshevistic soil. The inflaming of the people by Jutta's acts and pomp have their sequel in old King Nicholas wandering around Paris today, fearful of going back to the land that once loved him. . . .

DRAGA, THE DIVORCÉE, CLIMBS TO A THRONE

THERE was Servia under the Obrenovitches. Before the horrors of the German invasion of Servia made that sturdy little mountain kingdom an object of pity in the world, its capital, Belgrade, was the laughing-stock of Europe. Belgrade was a colorful place of the gayest "night life," of opera bouffe plots, of absurd revolutions and wars, sizzling with the bubbles in every glass of champagne. The Russian Czar and the Kaiser were bidding for prestige in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Servia. A Slavish people, the Serbs fell naturally under the protection of Russia, but there was that Potsdam dream of an Empire stretching to Persia, and Servia lay in the path. The young King Alexander had just come to the throne in Servia. As a child he had seen his parents at political war with each other. He had seen ministers whose conduct should have been an example to them, resort to perfidous measures in order to harm one another. He was made cynical by watching the trickery of the different political leaders who ruled the country. He had listened to those who told him that in politics the end justified the means and that victory belonged to the side who cheated and lied to the best effect. At eighteen years of age he was thus stripped of every ideal and wholly absorbed in himself and in his personal pursuits. There was a regency in Servia and he could not become King until he became of age.

The eye of the Kaiser fastened upon this young man. The spider of Potsdam spun and brought him under his control. The Kaiser told young Alexander's mother that, were a conspiracy to be made, enabling the boy to seize the throne before he became of age, Berlin would give him recognition. The coup succeeded and in Servia a boy-king was enthroned. The political party in Servia, which believed that the best interests of the country lay in a close understanding with Russia, became alarmed at the Teutonic aspect which the court at Belgrade rapidly took on. There came rivalries, animosities, strife and intrigue and, sick with it all, young Alexander decided to take a vacation. He went to the Riviera. The tentacles of the spider of Berlin followed him there. At the tip of the tentacle was a face that smiled, the lovely Madam Draga Maschin.

She was a divorcée. Clever, insinuating, possessing a magnetic charm, Draga was decidedly attractive. She had a brilliant talent for music; she composed verses. Her voice was soft, pleasant and melodious. She possessed that exceedingly dangerous quality of being able to listen eagerly and sympathetically to the troubles of any man. And she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was ambitious. She was pledged the support of the Kaiser if she could make young Alexander her husband.

Still a boy in years and experience the young King fell rapidly under the fascination of Draga Maschin. She won his confidence and assumed the attitude quite cleverly of a friend, sincerely interested in his troubles, but never dreaming of marriage. She discussed with him the difficulties of his position and then gradually she conveyed to the youth an idea that she loved him for his own sake, not merely because he was a King. He asked her to marry him. The affair was a scandal. Here was the divorced wife of a Servian army officer, a woman with a questionable past, a woman not of the nobility, and young Alexander proposed to install her on the throne of Servia! The Servian capital, when it heard the news, was furious. The young King flew in the face of public opinion and he married Draga.

She, secure in the backing of the Kaiser, in return for which she was to induce the King to eliminate all Russian influence from Servia and make German paramount, went blindly ahead. Her fear of being thought familiar made her affect a ridiculously haughty attitude toward the people with whom she came in contact. She became more and more unpopular and, brooding over this, she did a rash thing. She invited the German Minister to come to the palace and she told him that she was ready to favor the development of the Kaiser's policy in the Balkans. When news of this reached the Servian Foreign Office the old Ministers were furious. A plot was hatched.

One night the conspirators invaded the palace. Frightened at the sound of voices, Draga persuaded her husband to seek a refuge behind a curtain in their bedroom. There they hid for three hours while the palace was searched by assassins. A slight movement behind the curtain betrayed them. She was seized and dragged into the middle of the room. The young King fought to protect her, only to receive a knife in the heart. His body was hurled out of the window into the street. Then the assassins fell upon Draga with knives and her body was also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hurled out of the palace window. The next day a dynasty, the Karageorgevitches, came to rule in Servia. It was a dynasty hostile to German plans. If it had not come, Servia would have been on the side of Germany in this war; the little country would have been enmeshed by Draga in the Kaiser's web.

CLEMENTINE, THE NEMESIS OF BULGARIA

NOT a country of the Balkans escaped the plotting of the Kaiser. Likewise in almost every case it was a woman whom the Kaiser used to foment the trouble to win the ruler of the little country to his side. Montenegro had its Duchess Jutta; Servia had its Draga Maschin; and Bulgaria had its Princess Clementine. The world knows the many treacheries of Ferdinand, once Czar of Bulgaria, now another ruler without a job. But it is not generally known that behind Ferdinand the inspiration and the source of the overwhelming ambition which brought about his downfall was a woman, the Princess Clementine, his mother. Ferdinand was a Coburg, closely connected with the Kaiser. When he was invited by Bulgaria to become the ruler of the country, he immediately sought the counsel of his mother. For Ferdinand did not have a drop of Bulgarian blood; his strain was Teutonic. His mother, the Princess Clementine, immediately consulted with the Kaiser. An understanding was reached. Wilhelm would seek to rule Bulgaria through Clementine, who ruled her son.

She was a woman of tremendous ambition and she had brought up Prince Ferdinand with especial care, hoping that some day she would be able to place him among the seats of the mighty. So jealously had she kept him under her influence that he acquired some feminine tastes, a love for fine dresses and jewelry. When she advised him to accept the rule of Bulgaria, she accompanied him to Sofia, the capital of the country to which he was alien, and brought with her all the resources she possessed, all her vast wealth. Backed by this, by her tact, and by the power of the Kaiser, it did not seem that Ferdinand could fail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bulgarians are a primitive people. They have a way of cramming their mouths overfull when they eat. The table manners of the Bulgarian ministers who came to dine with the Princess Clementine were a great shock to her, but she treated them all with the utmost affability. She made friends daily, her tact and charm made the way for her son an easy one.

She was farsighted. She knew the Balkans. She imagined the possibility of the day when peasants wearing white skirts and upturned shoes might rise in revolution. So she conceived and built for her son the palace of Euxinograd, on the seashore, its towers commanding a wide view, its grounds almost fortified. Should trouble come, that palace would be a place of refuge for her beloved son, the eagle-beaked Ferdinand, arch-intriguer of the Balkans. In the harbor near the palace a yacht always rode at anchor. Clementine never took any chances. The means for a quick "getaway" were at hand. Trouble began for Ferdinand. Russia resented him and quite properly, for behind Ferdinand, behind his mother, the Kaiser was pulling the strings.

There was a powerful man in the Bulgarian capital. They called him the "King Maker." He was better known as that than by his name, Stambouloff. There was a certain cruelty in his nature, but he was incapable of deceit. Ferdinand, on the other hand, had been instilled with the doctrine of the Princess Clementine, that the end justified whatever means were used to attain it. The Kaiser whispered from Berlin; the Princess Clementine whispered to Ferdinand. Ferdinand told Stambouloff that it was his intention to contract an alliance with Germany. Stambouloff warned Ferdinand that the Bulgarians were Slavish people, that they inclined their sympathies toward Russia. Dutifully, Ferdinand ran back to his mother with this opinion. But she had her instructions from Berlin. If not an alliance, a secret but absolute understanding must be reached. Ferdinand ran back to Stambouloff and suggested that Bulgaria pretend a policy of union with Russia, but secretly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maintained one with Germany. Stambouloff declared with emphasis that he could not sanction Ferdinand's plan and, possessing a power which had caused him to be known as the "King Maker," he bluntly told Ferdinand that such treacherous plans would not be tolerated in Bulgaria. Shortly after that Stambouloff was unfortunate enough to return home one evening on foot. He was found the next morning in the street covered with knife wounds. The end justifies the means.

The "King Maker" out of the way, Princess Clementine had other plans for her son. He must be married. She arranged for him to marry the Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Parme, the eldest of the nineteen children of the exiled Duke de Parme. She was a sweet woman with lovely hazel eyes, very attractive and with a sharply defined sense of right and wrong. Her straightforward character, her contempt for treachery and intrigue got on the nerves of the Princess Clementine and, of course, after that it was only a question of time when she too would go. Ferdinand and his wife became estranged; they spent most of their time apart and once more the Princess Clementine was the only woman to rule in Sophia.

The Princess had a tremendous ambition. The Bulgarian Church was an independent church, allied with neither the Greek nor the Roman Catholic. It was the dream of Princess Clementine to bring about a reunion between the Bulgarian Church and the Vatican and to have her son proclaimed head of the Christian Church in all the Near East. Her dream was that Ferdinand would be proclaimed as such from the altar steps of the Cathedral of St. Sophia in Constantinople. She looked forward to the day when, like a crusader, her son—whose face suggested a vulture's—would ride into Constantinople on a white horse at the head of the Bulgarian Army and be hailed as the head of the Church, the great mosque, once a church, but from the days of Constantine in Turkish hands.

Ferdinand had no ideal; his was no religious passion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His children were baptized in the Roman Catholic Church. To win the support of Russia, he took his oldest son to Moscow and had him rebaptized there in the Greek Church, and Clementine, the woman who ruled him, approved of this. Did not the end justify the means? Later it would be quite easy, so she thought, after Russia had fulfilled Ferdinand's purposes, to have her grandson rebaptized back into his original faith. After this baptism, Clementine wrote a letter to the Kaiser regretting that she had not been able to have a photograph taken of the baptism of her grandson in the Russian Church, as she would have liked to have sent it to Berlin. She concluded with these words, "I feel sure that your Majesty would have appreciated it with the sense of humor that you possess."

Meanwhile Ferdinand's wife who spent most of the months of the year along the shores of the Riviera, returned to Sofia where she was considerate enough to die and thus relieve the apprehension of the Princess Clementine that Ferdinand's wife might be a detrimental influence to his career. The Princess Clementine, who commuted between Vienna and the Bulgarian capital, now established herself in state in Sofia and quite openly ruled the country. So long as she lived, so long were the ambitions of Ferdinand kept under a cloak. She was careful, exceeding courteous to people she despised. She almost could make her most deadly enemy believe that she had sincerely become a friend. The relations between Ferdinand and Berlin, the obligations, were well concealed; but when the Princess Clementine died, Ferdinand threw caution to the winds. All his actions go directly back to the Princess Clementine. His way was her way. Her spirit ruled him from boyhood and, after she died, it was still the dominating influence behind all his actions. One of the most brilliant and unscrupulous women ever sent down to create havoc in the Balkans, Princess Clementine, was another of the Kaiser's tools and she too cost the man through whom she worked, her own son, his throne.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOPHIE, DESPOILER OF GREECE

ANOTHER monarch lost his throne—lost it because the web of Wilhelm was spun around him, because of a woman of the Hohenzollerns. Although King George of Greece had been a Dane and quite hostile by tradition to German aggrandisement the Kaiser was able to bring about with him a certain spirit of friendliness. Indeed, Wilhelm prevailed upon him to send his son, Constantine, the Crown Prince, to be trained in a German military school. Once in Berlin, the heir to the Greek throne was subjected to the plausible Teutonic persuasion, with the result that, his military schooling completed, the Kaiser was able to induce him to remain a while longer in Germany. Constantine was attached to a Prussian regiment of the Guards, garrisoned at Potsdam. Of course, there he met the Princess Sophie of Hohenzollern, an attractive and clever woman, with singular discernment, strong ambition and, for a Hohenzollern, surprising tact. And, as the Kaiser had hoped, Constantine of Greece fell in love with her and asked for her hand. To the dismay of Queen Olga of Greece, they were married—dismay, for the Grecian queen did not relish a Protestant for her daughter-in-law. But with the stakes of the game, Empire, what mattered a religious creed? Sophie Hohenzollern obligingly entered the Greek Catholic Church and her brother, Wilhelm the spider, pretended to be very angry; and grinned.

Gradually, through the winning and gifted Sophie, the Kaiser began to make his power felt in Greece. The King, a wise and cautious man, his ambitions tempered with extreme prudence, was worried over the increasing hold that the Hohenzollerns, through Sophie, were obtaining upon Constantine, heir to the Grecian throne. The king had an abhorrence for what he called "Wilhelm's policy based upon adventure," and he feared the firing of Constantine's ambitions by Berlin, who would fain use him as a catspaw.

There was an ancient prophecy, popular with the Greek population of the Levant, that when a king called Constantine, married to a queen called Sophie, should reign at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Athens, the Cathedral of St. Sofia would once more become a Christian church. Like in Bulgaria there were those in Greece whose dreams were of the Golden Horn. Also, at this time the Kaiser had not been able to buy Turkey to his plans—as he later did—and he was not at all averse to a Constantine, controlled by Sophie, sweeping with his armies into Stamboul. Constantine was yielding to the flattery of Berlin.

The assassination of his father, in the streets of Salonika, sobered him. When the responsibility of the Government was thrust upon Constantine, he realized that his first duty consisted in preserving the patrimony of his own children. He quickly realized the impossibility of satisfying his ambitions, that Berlin through Sophie had whispered into his ear, and he drew somewhat aloof from the Kaiser. Something caused this. In that little café of Brussels where an international spy-band used to foregather and eat coppery oysters and drink the wines from the Moselle, a feverish, boastful band of women and of men, who would balk at nothing for a price, it was once said that the "something" which created a coolness between Constantine and the Kaiser, was this: On the eve of his father's murder, Constantine received a strange letter which in so many words told him that a great change was impending and that soon he would be able to show the timber of which he was made. Two days later the ageing King was slain in broad daylight in Salonika and the letter became, in Constantine's eyes, a veritable foreshadowing of sinister truth. If we are to believe the confession made by a German agent in England after the assassination of Franz Ferdinand in 1914, this agent was sent by Berlin to Greece. There, to quote the agent, "To my surprise, King Constantine did not accept my remark that the murderer was a Servian who had been actuated simply by a blind hatred of Austria and her future Emperor. On the contrary, he remarked that the existence of a plot had been proved in quite an irrefutable manner. How, he did not enlighten me, but contented himself by remarking: 'I don't like saying too much, and I have not seen the men who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

awaited the arrival of the automobile in which the Archduke rode, but I feel certain that there exists a link between them and the misguided Greek who fired at my poor father. More than that, I would not be surprised to find that the same person was responsible for both crimes.' "

And to whom did both George, the King of Greece, and Franz Ferdinand constitute an obstacle? To Wilhelm the Mad, who sat in the heart of the web and spun.

In the light of these things, the attitude of Constantine of Greece during the war may seem surprising. But there was Sophie, a clever, gifted woman, who was Constantine's wife but who was also a Hohenzollern. At the break of war, Constantine was not pro-German. When, in 1915, it seemed for a time that Greece roused by Venizelos would rise and strike Bulgaria, should the Bulgars, as was suspected then, invade Servia, Constantine was in a receptive mood toward the cause of the Entente. Then it was that an ugly story came out of Athens; it was that Sophie had threatened to kill Constantine and herself, were her husband to declare against Germany. He was confined to his bed for weeks; it was whispered that Sophie had violently quarreled with him and that in his side was the wound of a knife. One wonders. It is known that Greece did not go to Servia's aid, that Constantine became terrified as the Teutonic hordes swept down through Servia; that he became "man-afraid-of-his-wife"; that, prophesying Greece would be turned into a vast land, like Belgium, were Constantine to oppose the Hohenzollerns, Sophie came to rule Greece. She it was who incurred for her consort the wrath of the Entente; she it was who blocked Venizelos' plans for a glorious Greece, aligning with the little nations against German conquest; she it was who so turned Constantine's people against him that, like the Kaiser, he lost a throne.

MARIE, WHO BRAVED GERMANY'S WRATH

THERE was one other Balkan land around which the Kaiser sought to weave his web—Roumania. There, too, was a woman; but this woman was not of the web, nor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could she be enmeshed in it. On the contrary, she broke strands of the web, which were creeping over the capitol city, gay Bucharest. The woman was the Crown Princess, now Queen Marie. Without possessing a regular type of beauty, she was pretty and fascinating. Most elegant in her carriage and bearing, she had a queenly look which gave her a regal dignity, bereft of either hauteur or pride. A brilliant conversationalist, gentle, piquant as to speech, conscious of her high position, without a trace of vanity, Marie, the Roumanian Crown Princess, produced an impression which did not fail to attract.

As in other Balkan countries, the Hohenzollerns had their clutches upon Roumania. The old King Carol was a Hohenzollern. As a youth he was invited to assume the Princeship of Roumania, then a turbulent principality. Before risking the adventure, Carol asked Bismarck's opinion of it, to be told cynically, " You might try it. It will always constitute for you a pleasant remembrance." King Carol made Roumania, developing its industries and agriculture to an extent that astonished Europe. Also, King Carol was a Pacifist. He loathed military laurels, much preferring the accumulation of wealth, which he was successful in to the extent of fifty million dollars. Liking peace, he soon came at odds with the Kaiser, who ever dangled before his eyes tempting baits, the fruits of conquest. Withal, Carol was a Hohenzollern and true to his blood. So it was that when the Kaiser went to war Carol, although he would not align Roumania on the side of his relative, loving peace, maintained a somewhat friendly neutrality.

All this was not to the liking of the Crown Princess Marie. A woman of decided ideas on right and wrong, a woman secretly detested by the Kaiser, for the English characteristics of her face, Marie believed that the honor of Roumania lay with the Allies. Her influence upon the Crown Prince was powerful. Like her, he felt bound in no way to the Hohenzollerns; indeed, bound only to the cause of right, Marie worked against the influences at court which, in 1915, sought to make Roumania enter the war on the side

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Germans. She was instrumental, it is said, in discovering several intrigues whose end was this, and in exposing the plotters to the old King who wanted peace. And as Marie and the Crown Prince saw the Kaiser's conquests spreading, they feared the future. What would happen to Roumania? With the cabinet ministers inclined to the Entente, an understanding was reached. Russia pledged aid and, in 1916, Roumania swept into the war, bravely invading Austria.

The old King died. Marie and her consort ascended the throne. Then calamity. The Russian aid did not materialize. Roumania was betrayed. The Germans invaded. With their outnumbered but stubborn little armies Marie and her King fled. Their palace became a hut at the front. Like Albert and Elizabeth of Belgium, they awoke to the roar of the guns. Until peace came, this Balkan woman, alone of them all to brave the Kaiser's wrath, to keep free of his intrigues, kept up heart and the heart of her people to the end. Tireless, ever working with the wounded, braving shell-fire and army hardships, she remained with her consort's troops. And soon, the cables tell us, Roumania's queen will come to America to plead for her devastated country—devastated because she dared the Kaiser's wrath.

I WONDER

By ARLEEN HACKETT

FAR down the road of Yesterday
At times she comes to me—
A little girl whom I have known,
The child I used to be.
Her wistful eyes that look at me,
Seem seeking things within—
I wonder if she tries to see
The woman, I might have been.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LIVE AND LET LIVE RAILROAD POLICY

What the Public May Expect Upon Return to Privat Ownership

By HOWARD ELLIOTT

PRESIDENT, AND CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, NORTHERN PACIFI(RAILWAY]

I AM an optimist of the long future of the United States I believe we are on the eve of the most important fift years in history and that we shall accomplish wonder ful results if we do not sit idly by and let good, hard com mon sense, and the eternal verities, be shunted to the back ground and waste valuable time and energy trying futil experiments.

I do not minimize the dangers and difficulties of th immediate future, due in part to the results of the world wide war. I realize the importance of handling these dan gers and difficulties vigorously, promptly, and wisely, if w are to obtain all the benefits of the future. One of thes dangers is that the great railway system of the Unite States may not be protected sufficiently to prevent a financia collapse and so that necessary development will continue The country, it should be remembered, elected to obtain its transportation through private individuals who did the work and who made enormous investments for that purpos which, under the Constitution and its amendments, and th decisions of the Supreme Court, must be protected. The Government having asked and permitted individuals to do this work, those individuals are entitled to complete protec- tion of their property until the public may decide to buy the properties, paying their fair value, and then having the Government do the work. It is inconceivable that the Gov- ernment of the United States will confiscate these properties, either directly, by taking them from their owners at less

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than their fair value, or indirectly, by depreciating the property through a system of regulation, control and management which has resulted in a maladjustment of income with outgo, which is taking away the earning power of these great properties. Personally, I do not believe it will be done, and that the sober judgment of the American people and the wise statesmanship of Congress will find a way out of the difficulty.

RATE ADJUSTMENT AN IMMEDIATE NECESSITY

DURING the readjustment of conditions, the rate structure ought to be adjusted to meet the expenses that have increased during the war period. If not, many roads now paying dividends will not be able to continue them, and this will affect the bonds now held by savings banks, and other roads will be unable to meet their fixed charges and will be forced into bankruptcy and the expansion of facilities will be checked, unless large and continuous appropriations are made from the National treasury.

Some of the questions confronting the people of the United States, and upon the wise handling of which depends the peace, prosperity and happiness of all are:

> The making of a Just Peace.
>
> A decision whether our form of Government shall be so changed that the state is to take the place of the individual in many activities heretofore handled by individual enterprise.
>
> The checking of waste and extravagance in Government operation, National, State, county and municipal, with the accompanying load of taxes, which is so burdensome, by the adoption of what are called "business principles" through a suitable budget system.
>
> A decision on the question of improved relations between that great body of our citizens who work for wages and that equally great body of citizens who have put their savings into enterprises which are the business bulwarks of our country.
>
> The methods to be adopted for owning, managing and developing our system of transportation and communication by rail, water, air, telegraph and telephone.

Transportation and communication have a direct bearing upon, and are interwoven with, the extent to which the state shall take the place of the individual in industrial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affairs, the amount of taxes, and the division of the annual wealth production of the country.

These questions must be considered by those who recommend remedies and by those who must make new laws relating to transportation and communication.

OUR RAILROADS PUBLICLY OWNED

WE have the most wonderful transportation machine in the world, a piece of machinery created by private owners and which had, up to December 28, 1917, when the Government took control, furnished better service to the public, at lower rates, and paid the highest wages to employes than that in any civilized country. It represents 260,000 miles of single-track railroad—more than one-third and almost one-half of all the railroads of the world; the securities of which in the hands of the public are more than $17,000,000,000—almost the national debt of the country,—not owned by a few rich people, but widely scattered among many small holders,—held by insurance companies, savings banks, etc.; operated by more than 2,000,000 employes, or about 8 per cent. of the total voting male population; the largest single industry in the country except agriculture, and the greatest purchaser of iron and steel in the country. This great piece of machinery carries a volume of business per mile of track far greater than that of any other nation in the world.

This is one of the great achievements of the American people and we ought to take the same pride in a successful, prosperous railway system that we take in a successful factory, commercial house, bank, or farm.

I believe that it is just as unwise to make the furnishing of railroad transportation a function of Government as to make the furnishing in peace time of money, credit, coal and steel a function of Government, and that transportation will be given to the people at the lowest cost by admitting that the owning, managing and operating of a railroad is business.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Railway Executives are trying to develop and suggest a plan that will in the long run conserve and protect the owners of securities of the railways, whether they are individual holders of large or small amounts (and the holders of small amounts greatly predominate; for example, there are 28,478 stockholders of the Northern Pacific, with average holdings of 87 shares, and 24,632 stockholders of the New Haven, with average holdings of 64 shares), or they are insurance companies, trust companies, savings banks, churches, colleges, charitable associations, etc., that will be fair to the army of men who help to furnish the necessary service to the public, fair to the traveling and shipping public; and that will permit the additional growth of the railroad machine to serve the rapidly increasing population of the country; and, at the same time, will furnish the best transportation to the country at reasonable cost.

The railroads were too long left to get along as best they might under the Interstate Commerce law and conflicting State laws,—a system of regulation that was confused, complicated, not responsive quickly to changed conditions, punitive, repressive, and gradually weakening to credit and without providing protection and development to the extent that was necessary.

PLAN OF AMERICAN RAILWAY EXECUTIVES

SINCE 1912 the Railway Executives have been actively at work on their plan; when the armistice was declared they realized that the problem was more pressing than ever and they formulated suggestions during November and December, 1918, and January, 1919, which were submitted to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, January 9, 1919. Their suggestions represent the crystallized opinion of men who have spent their lives in the business and who represent the earning power of more than 90 per cent of the railroads of the country.

Senator Cummins, who is to be the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in the next Congress, and who, moreover, is to be a very potent force in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

framing the bill to be presented to the next Congress for the rehabilitation of the railroads of the country, has named three fundamental principles which should be accepted in any new legislation:

> The return upon the capital invested in railway securities should be made certain through Government undertaking.
>
> The railways should be consolidated into comparatively few systems, and by few I mean not more than eighteen.
>
> The railways should be operated by private corporations, organized under an Act of Congress.

I hope that Senator Cummins may find it consistent with his wide knowledge of the railroad problem now confronting the country, to accept the following additional principles to those to which he has given utterance:

> The owners of the railroads must assent to Federal control, but they should also have Federal protection and encouragement.
>
> The great labor organizations must assent to some orderly way of settling disagreements over wages and working conditions so that the railroads will continue to serve the public pending the adjustment of disputes.
>
> The Government in its policy of regulation must be more responsive to changing conditions and there must be protection of the railroad business as well as regulation, and there must be no "twilight zone" between national and state authority.

The Railway Executives do not claim that their plan is perfect, or that it should not be changed or amended, but they do believe that the suggestions they laid before the last Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce provide a means for carrying out the principles above suggested.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP UNDER FEDERAL CONTROL

A SUMMARY of their suggestions is:

> Ownership, management and operation by private owners rather than by the Government.
>
> Regulation as to all essential matters, including rates, both State and Interstate, to be by the Federal Government, which shall control in case of conflict with States.
>
> Establishment of a Department of Transportation, with a Secretary, who shall be a member of the President's Cabinet.
>
> Placing in the Department of Transportation various executive duties, such as the enforcement of the Safety Appliance Act, the Hours of Service Law, etc., and relieving the Interstate Commerce Commission of all such duties, except those relating to Accounts and Valuation, thus making it a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quasi-judicial body with ample time to deal with the great questions of discrimination, relations, and reasonableness of rates, etc.

State commissions to be retained with powers of local regulations except as to rates and securities. Regional Interstate Commerce Commissions to be created upon which will be a representative from each State in a region. This will enable prompt action by local tribunals near to each State and community for local matters. More important matters, national in scope, to be handled by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Secretary of Transportation. The jurisdiction of the several bodies to be carefully defined and harmonized.

The rates, both State and Interstate, established by the Director General to remain in effect until changed by lawful process. The establishment by Congress of the rule that rates shall be adequate to attract to the railroad business the capital needed to give the public the facilities and service they demand. Also requiring that, when it is in the public interest to have increased rates in order to have adequate facilities and service, the influence of the Administration, through the Secretary of Transportation, shall be used to that end. The carriers to initiate rates subject to suspension by the Secretary of Transportation and to review by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission to have the power upon complaint to fix minimum as well as maximum rates.

Amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act so as to permit mergers, combinations and other agreements that will mean conservation of capital and service and elimination of waste. Such agreements, however, to become effective only when in the public interest and when approved by Federal authority.

Prohibition of lock-outs and strikes until investigation and report so that public opinion can have a chance to express itself. Provision for an impartial board made up of an equal number of representatives of the public, of the employers and of the employes to report to the Secretary of Transportation upon the merits of any controversy which the parties are unable to adjust.

Exclusive Federal supervision and approval of all securities issued by railroads. The funding for a term of years of railroad obligations now due to the United States.

Federal incorporation.

The power to rest with the Federal Government, when it is clearly to the general interest of the public, to:

Arrange for the distribution and re-routing of business so as to prevent congestion and blockades.

Arrange for fair distribution of cars between roads, regions and shippers.

Arrange for the joint use of terminals when owning roads fail to agree.

Prevent waste and extravagance in construction of new roads, branches, expensive terminals, and duplicate facilities.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arrange a unification of the roads into a continental system in a national emergency, such as war.

The Railway Executives believe that with these principles embodied in suitable laws and with harmonious machinery for administering them, all the benefits possible under Government ownership or operation, or both, can be obtained and the obvious dangers of such Government ownership and operation avoided.

A FAIR RETURN UPON INVESTMENT NECESSARY

I CANNOT believe the people of the United States will be unwilling, when they understand the situation, to permit a fair return upon a fair value of the property that is devoted to the public use. Such return is absolutely necessary if we are to avoid disaster.

A most important element in arriving at a satisfactory return upon the property is the amount paid for wages, and the working conditions of the large body of employes. Wages are taking directly more than 50 per cent of every dollar of revenues, and indirectly, through materials purchased, a good deal more than that. To arrive, therefore, at any satisfactory net income, wages must be considered in connection with rates.

The Labor Question is, of course, one of the most serious and difficult confronting the whole world, the railroads in particular, and there must be a broad view of it and a spirit of "give and take" by all classes of people. All good citizens desire to see wages and living conditions improve, but there is a limit to what commerce and industry can pay and survive. It is surely better to have reasonable wages and continuous employment than to force wages so high that industry languishes, for then the wage-earners themselves will suffer most of all

The man who puts a dollar of his savings into the transportation business does so knowing that his dollar is subject to the power of the Government to make the rules and regulations governing the business. The man who decides to earn his dollar by working for the railroads should be will-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to submit to reasonable wages, rules and regulations, just as much as does the man who puts his dollar already earned. It is to the public interest to have the dollar invested regulated reasonably, and it is equally in the public interest that the dollar paid for service and the conditions of service should be regulated reasonably. In a complex civilization like ours in the United States, and with great concentrated populations to be served with food, fuel, shelter, light, etc., there must be continuous service by the transportation agencies, just as much as a continuous supply of water.

FEDERAL ADJUDICATION OF LABOR DISPUTES

TO bring this about there must be some method devised for fair and reasonable Federal supervision and regulation of wages and working conditions, and such regulation should eventually receive the final approval from the same power that is finally responsible for the rates of fare and freight charged by the transportation agencies, so that the question of income with which to pay will be considered at the same time and by the same final deciding power as the outgo to be paid. Just as the Government should have the power to veto the wasteful use of the railroad dollar to be invested upon which the public will be asked to pay a return through rates, so should the Government have power to supervise wages and conditions of service, which ultimately are paid for by the public through these same rates.

With the preservation of private ownership and management in individual systems of railroads there will be a better *esprit de corps* among the great army of railroad employes than if all became employes of the Government.

And if employes can once be satisfied that a fair and impartial tribunal is in existence to hear important complaints that cannot be settled promply on the "home road" between employe and employer, there should be no need of strikes, which are simply a form of war. The world has just lost millions of men and billions of treasure in a struggle whether force rather than justice and reason were to settle the affairs of the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Surely the United States, the most enlightened and progressive nation in the world can, if it takes up the question seriously, work out some plan for adjusting industrial disputes that will carry out the doctrine of "live and let live" and save the waste, loss, sorrow and anguish that come to thousands of innocent people, a large proportion of whom are working people, who have no part or voice in the controversy or its settlement.

CONSOLIDATION OF RAILROADS DESIRABLE

THE Railway Executives agree with Senator Cummins that there should be further consolidation of the railroads into a number of systems. They do not, however, believe in the so-called "Regional Plan" under which all of the railroads in a given territory are to be merged into one system.

Capital may be timid, but it was bold enough in the last fifty and more years to create our great American railway system. It will be willing to go on with the work if it can be assured that the policy of the Government will be to sustain the railroads in the legitimate conduct of their business and allow reasonable liberty of action instead of repressing and hampering that work. The credit of the roads will come back when people understand that Congress has laid down the rule that a reasonable rate is also an adequate rate, sufficient to reflect changed costs, increased wages, and a fair return upon the property; when Congress insists that some reasonable method of adjudicating controversies over wages and working conditions shall be written into the law of the land; and when the nation insists that it is the duty of a President to preserve, protect and expand the transportation facilities of the country, as well as agriculture, banks, manufactures, commerce, or other forms of individual activity.

The Railway Executives have no right to speak for other forms of transportation, but it is in their minds that a Secretary of Transportation, or a Federal Board, would supervise all forms of transportation and work to bring

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the greatest development and co-operation between railroads, inland waterways, coastwise vessels, and our new Mercantile Marine Fleet, with a minimum of duplicate investment, and bring to the attention of the President and Congress the national needs for an adequate system of transportation.

FURNISHING OF TRANSPORTATION IS BUSINESS

THE American people elected to have their transportation furnished by private individuals, subject to governmental regulation rather than by the Government itself. The experience of the last sixteen months has confirmed them in that opinion. The people having made that decision, the furnishing of Transportation is Business, and must be conducted as such.

The individuals who engage in it must be permitted, as those in other forms of business are permitted, to charge enough for what they sell, namely, Transportation, to pay all expenses, taxes, and other charges, including a fair return on the value of the property devoted to the public use, and sufficient to attract new capital to increase the facilities necessary for the public welfare.

Regulation by the Government is necessary and desirable, but it should not attempt management and operation of the business, but should be confined to those steps necessary to prevent unjust discrimination, extortion, or excessive profits; to provide for good service and the safety of the public; and for suitable living and working conditions for the employes. Regulation, in addition to correcting and preventing abuses, should also protect the property owner and the credit of the companies and see that facilities are expended in time to meet the constant growth of the country. It should also provide means for continuous service to the public when differences of opinion arise as to wages and working conditions.

As the Railway System is national in its work and scope, regulation by the Federal Government must be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supreme and not be weakened or set aside by State regulation.

Continuous amalgamation of various railroads into a number of larger systems must be permitted so that the whole country will be well served and there will still be the spur of self-interest and competition all the time so as to produce development and good service.

The income of the roads should be adjusted within a reasonable time to meet the necessary outgo, and until that readjustment can be brought about the Government should protect the financial situation, not for the purpose solely of making a return to individual holders of securities, but to prevent a financial collapse that will affect the whole country.

Until the valuation work can be completed, it might be assumed tentatively, and without prejudice as to the final valuation, that the standard return, now being paid by the Government, is a fair return on the property, and that, pending the final valuation, the Government shall not reduce rates until, under normal conditions as to volume of business, the income exceeds the standard return.

It is better for the country to have the roads sustained by means of the rates charged for transporting passengers, freight, mail and express rather than to make up the deficiency, large or small, by appropriations from the National or State treasuries.

If these statements are sound, as I believe they are, a law can be drawn that will give effect to them. It should be the Nation's Bill, reflecting all conditions, and there should be no politics in it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE LEFT ME DREAMS

By J. CORSON MILLER

IN MEMORY OF J. W. H., A DESPATCH-BEARER IN THE RAINBOW DIVISION KILLED IN ACTION IN FRANCE

HE left me dreams—bright, starry shafts, unbroken—
Rose-decked and sweet, as sign-posts down the years;
A wreath of gallant memories for a token
To 'twine within the tribute of my tears.
His songs were sheafs of triumph, proud, unbending—
A glory unforgettable, to trace
Upon my life—my children's lives—nor ending,
But, like Dawn's sacred flame, forever blending
With Honor, sprung from Love's high dwelling-place.

The sunset's ruddy kiss, the Moon's brave wonder,
In merry messages he sent to me;
His words were silver bells amid the thunder
Of Death-commissioned guns across the sea.
He sent me Faith and Hope, and smiles immortal,
And thoughts that flung stern challenges to Wrong;
A Knight—he fought, and stormed the Tyrant's portal,
His deeds, like seeds, shall flower into song.

The Night's cool whisper when the Dawn is 'waking,
And ghostly hands unclasp, yet clasp again,
He heard; and drank, like wine, for spirit's slaking,
The melancholy music of the Rain.
He left no gold, he sent no earthly treasure,
His sacrifice is hidden deep from fame:
Forswearing joys of home, and peace, and pleasure,
He left me Love in Friendship's hallowed name.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business as (un)Usual at the Old Stand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN MIDDLETOWN WENT DRY

Once Very Wet, Not an Elbow Crooked for Six Months

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

WHEN a miner wants to know the run of gold in a vein he takes a lump of quartz to the Government assay office. From the results of that single lump he can pretty well determine whether or not the prospect is worth operating. The physician who seeks to determine whether or not his patient has a malignant disease isolates a drop of blood or a bit of sputum and takes it to the chemist for analysis.

The story of the segment is indicative of the whole body, whether the test is put to Nature or human nature. In that spirit I went to Middletown—gone dry, now, these six months. The snug little upper New York State town may not be entirely typical in our polyglot boarding-house, but it is typical of a large part of American America, the backbone part where lives the real 100-per-cent American community. I was referred to Middletown by the Anti-Saloon League as a good example of a wet town gone dry. I took counsel with the Anti-Saloon League because I wanted to survey a town that represented to them a typical example. Later I might ask the Liquor interests to cite me an example of the menace of prohibition.

This then is the disinterested record of my Middletown quest of personal investigation. It is particularly interesting and significant, too, as Middletown is not so far from the wet belt but that its thirsty citizens may obtain goods by a not too long journey to neighboring towns—even to New York, if they wish. However, Middletown is bone dry and, except a slight percentage of its citizens, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has accepted the self-imposed exclusion of liquor and lived up to the letter of the law. Middletown has 20,000 inhabitants. It has three banks, some manufacturing on a small scale, many good retail stores, a well-paved, well-lighted place surrounded by a thrifty agricultural community. Briefly it is a town like thousands throughout the United States, the clean, alert, progressive, small town which is the backbone of our nation.

NO "DRUNKS" IN SIGHT

MY first night in Middletown, I walked up and down the streets seeking inebriates; not one to be seen! I went into a saloon. The exterior was as it had been, when the town was wet. The big plate-glass windows still bore the legend "Café. The look of the place was exactly the same; one merely missed the empty beer-barrels outside. Pushing through a swinging door I found myself in the bar-room —the same old bar-room with mirrors, a brass rail, the counter where the free lunch had reposed. But what a change! Gone were the rows of bottles. There, where "Green River" and "Old Crow" had stood side by side were boxes of chocolates, almonds and taffy. A bartender who surely must have learned his art in the Wet days, so deftly did he plant his fists on the bar and ask, "What's yer pleasure?" came to serve me. I told him ginger-ale, and the hands that had long dispensed "Red Eye," put before me a soft drink.

The bartender was not very happy. He said that he sold soft drinks and candy and put up lunches. He added that he was the proprietor of the place. He assured me that he was scarcely making enough to earn a living; and subsequently noticing the number of customers he had at different hours of the day, I came to believe him. From a real-estate man I learned that since Middletown had gone Dry the rent of the building that housed this saloon has been reduced 50 per cent. Somebody besides the saloon-keeper had his income smashed by Prohibition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIN-MILLS TURNED TO BETTER USES

THERE were thirty-two saloons in Middletown when it went Dry last October. To-day all but one saloon has been rented, that one being a quite dilapidated place. Most of the saloons have been put to other uses. The saloon that tried to convert itself into a soft-drink bar, but retained the old "gin-mill look," was an anachronism and was not prosperous. I found though that other saloons had been rented for other purposes, and were now housing going little businesses. One had become a wholesale produce store. Another was selling leather goods, another automobile supplies. One hotel that had existed only through the business done at its bar had been transformed into a glove manufactory employing two hundred women. One place that had a bad reputation in the Wet days, a Sunday afternoon "Speak Easy," was now a very dainty little millinery shop! Another saloon was taken over by the women of Middletown. There they installed an Exchange, selling home-made pies, cakes, candies and needlework. And like all the other new retail businesses housed in saloons this was prosperous. What had been a big wide-fronted saloon was now a retail store selling furniture for children, cribs, baby carriages, swings.

It occurred to me that this might be somewhat significant. Perhaps now, because of money diverted from the bars, the "kiddies" of Middletown were getting a "better deal." I subsequently verified this. I saw homes where the children in the days of the Wet régime had never been properly clothed, had never had enough of the proper food and who had gone through early childhood without the living conditions that the father's income warranted. But now with booze gone, new clean baby carriages were being bought for babies. New, clean cribs were being installed in homes, little swings, rocking horses, and all the other bits of furniture of which John Barleycorn deprives many children, were being sold in greater quantities since Middletown went Dry. Yes, that store in what had been a saloon now selling children's furniture was decidedly significant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SALOON OWNERS' GRIEVANCE

BUT, the owners of these former saloons were suffering. The saloon-keepers had been able to afford much higher rents than could their successors. An example: in the Wet days there was a building which housed a restaurant and a saloon. It was valued at $25,000; to-day, the bar gone, the building has depreciated 50 per cent. I saw a hotel for which four months before the town went Dry the proprietor turned down an offer of $50,000. To-day he could not get $20,000 for his property, the hotel is closed. That man who spent his life in that one business is wondering what he is going to do to earn a living. He is wondering about the fifty per cent of his life earnings now gone the way of property depreciating, because the town voted Dry. That man has a grievance and he lets everyone know it. Likewise the owners of the thirty-two saloons have grievances. Who is going to make good the depreciation in their property?

I talked to the owner in the largest hotel in Middletown. The building represented an investment of $140,000 in cash; he would sell it to-day, if he could, and pocket a loss of $40,000 in cash. The first three months of this year he ran ahead four thousand dollars on his room business, but even so, because of the loss of income from the bar, his total receipts for these three months showed a loss of $3,000 compared to the corresponding period of the year before. He used to take in at his bar around $100 a day. When the town went Dry he tried operating it as a soft-drink bar. His experience is interesting in view of the statements, which emanate from Dry towns now and then, to the effect that more business is done by hotels serving soft drinks than hard. The fact of the Middletown man's experience with the soft-drink bar is that he took in from $2 to $3 a day. He stuck to his guns hoping for that day when the bibbers of Middletown would line up two deep clamoring for grape juice and lemonade. But they did not come. To-day his bar is a tailor shop.

This hotel man expressed the viewpoint of all owners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of saloon and hotel property in Middletown when he said, "We were engaged in a business legalized by the Government. The voters abruptly decided to make that business illegal. In it we invested the earnings of our lifetime, Prohibition has depreciated our property from 40 per cent to 50 per cent. Who is going to make that loss good to us?" Who, indeed?

The Dry crusaders tell us that the consumption of alcohol by the human system is unnatural. But in Middletown one was impressed with the biologic truth that in the gastric organs nature surely created in the human being a perfect still for making alcohol. The consumption of candy in Middletown since the day the town went Dry has increased 60 per cent. The fermentation of sugar in the body is the substitute for the alcohol of booze. Laborers, mechanics, farm workers, men who never bought candy are going into the candy stores of Middletown two and three times a week buying a pound of candy each time. There was a mechanic, who shortly after the town went Dry bought twice a week a pound of the most expensive chocolates. He insisted upon a grade that was very sweet and rich and the price of $2.00 a pound was no obstacle. He felt that he *had* to have that candy. His system demanded it.

One Saturday night this mechanic told the proprietor of the candy store, "I suppose you are wondering, about me buying candy. Before this town went dry, I used to spend $8 to $9 a week on whiskey. When Prohibition came, I found I had to have something, I wanted something sweet. This candy only costs me $4 a week. That saves me about $5 a week over the old whiskey deal. I take the candy home and the wife and kids get in on it too."

CRIME SHOWS NO DECREASE

HAVING read in the Dry propaganda that 50 per cent of all crime is due to John Barleycorn, I was prepared to find, in this town which had gone Dry, a possible 50 per cent decrease in crime. I first talked with some policemen in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street. They told me that since Middletown had gone Dry they had never seen so many "Saturday night drunks." Investigation showed that a minority of the labor population made an exodus every Saturday, after being paid, to a neighboring town that was Wet. There, because they were unable to drink in Middletown during the week, they drank on the occasion of this one weekly opportunity to great excess and brought back with them astonishing "loads." That was a phase of the question, however, that would disappear with July 1st, when this neighboring town also went Dry. But then would the drinking cease? Not so long as the secret supplies of liquor held out, for there were men in Dry Middletown who did not have to pilgrimage to the adjoining Wet town to get their "hooker." In secret, they gulped the fiery stuff behind closed doors. I found no trace, however, of any home stills, any moonshining.

Talking to the Chief of Police I found to my surprise that Prohibition had not made the slightest change in the work of his department. Instead of there being a decrease in the number of arrests under Prohibition, the number was about the same. In December of 1917, when Middletown was Wet, there were 16 arrests; a year later when it was Dry there were 17. In January of 1918 with the town Wet there were 17 arrests; a year later, with it Dry, there were 19. Indeed, instead of a decrease, Prohibition showed an increase in the number of persons who had broken the law; but the increase was so slight that it was meaningless. However, during the six months that Middletown was Dry there were only ten cases of non-support, of husbands failing to provide for their families. This was a favorable showing compared to the Wet days. It indicated that under Prohibition the home got a better deal.

This boon of Prohibition was further emphasized upon me by a tour of the grocery stores and the meat markets. All except one butcher, whom I later learned was a rabid Wet, reported greatly increased business. One of the big Chicago packing-houses which had an agency in Middletown showed me an increase of 18 per cent since the town

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went Dry. People were buying more meat. Talks with retailers and with families confirmed the fact that money which formerly went for booze was now being diverted, in part, to the table. Children and grown-ups were getting better food.

THE HOME AND FAMILY BETTER OFF NOW

MANY workingmen in Middletown upon receiving their Saturday pay in the Wet Days walked in a straight line to the saloon. Over $150,000 used to go over the bars of Middletown every year. The workingman who left his job with $25 in his pocket went home with $20; the saloon had the other five. Instead of being based upon $25, the budget of the workingmen's family was based upon $20. The table, household furnishings, clothing, suffered correspondingly. To-day with the town Dry the family budget has gained in these cases about 20 per cent. This money is now going into the home instead of over the bars.

Everything indicated that not only were the retailers who supplied the table doing an increased business, but that shoe stores, clothiers, dry-goods stores, indeed every retail store was prospering as never before in Wet days.

There was a jeweler, who said, "I have been in business for a quarter of a century but I have never had trade like this. Plated jewelry simply will not sell. 'We want gold or silver' is the universal demand of customers. Everybody wants the best and does not seem to care what it costs."

A clothier said, "People have come in to our store determined to buy. 'Have you got such and such an article?' one man asked. When we replied 'No,' he answered, 'Well, what have you got?' I want to buy something. And he did."

The head of a big furniture store said, "Everybody seems to have money, and wants to buy the very best of everything."

BUSINESS UNDER PROHIBITION BOOMS

THE proprietor of a large dry-goods store, carrying low-priced goods, said, "If this town could vote Dry a second time, and it would have the same effect that the first vot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing Dry had, I would have to double the size of this store. My business for the last month is $10,000 larger than any month I ever had. And from the time Middletown went Dry, my business has increased greatly month by month."

A good part of that $150,000 which used to go over the bars every year is now being collected by the proprietors of retail stores. It is *not* going into the savings banks. The situation in Middletown indicates that Prohibition does not necessarily mean increased thrift in a community. It means that people have more money to spend on living expenses and that they spend it. On July 1, 1918, three months before Prohibition went into effect, the local savings bank had 13,079 depositors totaling $5,860,652.40. On January 1, 1919, three months after Prohibition the bank had 13,140 depositors totaling $5,960,210.50. To-day, seven months after Prohibition, the bank has over $6,000,000.00 in deposits. On the surface this might lead to the conclusion that under Prohibition the savings-bank deposits of a town increase. An analysis of the bank's deposits before Middletown went Dry, however, shows that there was a steady increase year by year and that this increase under Prohibition is not above normal.

The business of Middletown banks handling checking accounts does, however, show an increase. This is to a large extent traceable to the increased business of the retailers who carry their checking accounts in these banks. It is a banking gain due to Prohibition.

It was impressed upon me in Middletown, in another way, that most of the people who find increased money in their pockets, because John Barleycorn is no longer getting it, do not save this money but spend it. For example: the business of restaurants has increased. One little ham-and-egg place showed $900 more a month on its books than it had when the town was Wet.

As the local labor leader told me, "You know what a workingman is with his money. He goes into one of these stores. A man sells him a suit of clothes for $40. The retailer tells him frankly, 'This suit isn't any better than the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suit you paid $30 for last year, but prices have gone up.' "The workingman's reply is: 'What's the difference I've got more money now.'"

When Middletown went Dry, the $150,000 a year that John Barleycorn used to get was not saved; it was simply diverted into other channels. Life insurance got some of it. The local insurance agents told me that they never had such a business. People who could never afford—because of booze—to take out life insurance were now protecting their families with policies.

Middletown was not a war center. It did not have industries that necessitated the importation of labor. It did not have "war prosperity." The fact that the community's prosperity is due to Prohibition was emphasized by the fact that with the end of the war, labor conditions changed for the worse. One factory that used to work ten hours, six days a week, is now working eight hours, five days a week. Another factory that used to have a ten-hour day now has an eight. The loss to the workingman's income is corresponding, yet he has plenty of money to spend in the retail stores. The answer is that the saloons are no longer collecting $150,000 a year.

A "DRY" TOWN NOT AN UNHAPPY ONE

AS Middletown reflects Prohibition, it does not mean that a town going Dry means a town becoming unhappy. There were no indications of the "No beer; no work!" propaganda having succeeded there. Prohibition was a bitter fight in Middletown, old friendships were split. Because the daughter of a meat man campaigned for the Drys a hotel-keeper broke off business relations with the meat man—a relation that had existed for ten years. Families that used to be intimate are now formally polite to each other. There are "sore heads" in Middletown. This is due to one thing, to that phase of Prohibition that is injustice. As a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man told me, "I don't need drink. The person who *must* have it is not normal. If it is for the good of the whole community that we have Prohibition, I am for it, but I do not think it a square deal that I should lose thousands of dollars because of Prohibition. That business represents the work of my lifetime; in it was invested all my savings. The town goes Dry and I find that the property represented by my savings is now worth one half of what it was. If the community decides that Prohibition is better for it, I am willing to bow to the will of the many to give up my business, but I am not willing to lose 50 per cent of my savings with the XVIIIth Amendment. The Government has neglected to make any allowance for the depreciation of property such as mine."

That is the one jarring note in Prohibition in Middletown. The owners of hotels and of saloons from which they are not able to get as large rentals from the businesses now occupying them as they were from saloon-keepers are "sore." A minority of the labor element is also bitterly opposed to Prohibition. The majority of the workingmen, however, have shrugged their shoulders at it and adjusted themselves quite easily to the new condition of spending their money in retail stores instead of in bar-rooms. The farm workers in the habit of coming to Middletown on Saturday nights and getting drunk in the Wet days are coming just the same and hanging around their old haunts smoking cigars and exchanging gossip instead.

Of course there is drinking. I saw a man in the dining-room of a hotel take a flask out of his pocket and pour whiskey into a glass of milk. Early in the morning there were empty bottles in the washroom of the hotel. The proprietor told me that since Middletown was Dry he had never found so many bottles left in rooms by guests. This represents the old topers, the incurables, who have got to have their nip and who will risk arrest to carry it on their persons. Their number is few.

There is one newspaper in Middletown and the records of its business offers serve as a fairly good barometer of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the town's prosperity since it went Dry. In April of 1919 this newspaper carried 2,584 more lines of display advertising than it did in April of the previous year when Middletown was Wet. Fifty per cent of this increase was due to unusual conditions, Liberty Loan advertising and the like, but the other fifty per cent was directly traceable to the increased business of the town because it had gone Dry. Despite a rate raise of 37 per cent on classified advertising, there was an increase in April 1919 over the previous April that was Wet. This increase was from 2,976 small ads to 4,464. These figures of the newspaper office are a true indication of the increase of prosperity in Middletown under Prohibition.

What will Prohibition do to your town? In Middletown for the decrease in the value of saloon and hotel property which in many cases approaches 50 per cent there was a general increase in other property values, business and residential, of from 15 to 20 per cent. There is not a vacant store in Middletown to-day. When the town was Wet there were empty stores. In Middletown you'll find as you will find in many towns when the whole nation goes Dry, something to drink; but compared to what was drunk in the Wet days it is trivial; also it is secretive. In Middletown the coming of Prohibition did not mean the coming of the drug evil—this a favorite cry of the Wet propaganda. In half a year not a drug case has appeared in town. Prohibition directly benefited the business of the town retailers. Prohibition had not the slightest effect upon crime—a favorite cry of the Dry propaganda.

Unmistakably Prohibition in Middletown meant a "better deal" for the home, for the wife and "kids." It meant better housed, better clothed, better fed men, women and children. It meant men who stayed home more in the evening. Those men who can't stay home go now and play pool or sit around the soft-drink saloon and smoke. Prohibition created in Middletown no seething discontent among the labor class. Socialism, a negligible factor there, made no new converts because the town went Dry. Perhaps the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people of Middletown always were happy, but save for the property owners who have suffered financial loss because of Prohibition, I did not find a grouch in town. Going Dry had done the town only good and had made increased happiness.

CHANGE

By INEZ MACDOUGALL

YESTER-MORN, the lark sang gay,
The heavens smiled, the earth was fair;
The odorous wind breathed joyous words—
For Love was there!
Today, bird song takes sadder note,
The grass is wet with tears of dawn;
The murmuring winds condolence waft—
Since Love is gone!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW I BECAME A FILM VAMPIRE

The Self-Revelations of a Moving-Picture Star

By THEDA BARA

Theda Bara is the most celebrated exponent of emotional eroticism on the films. Her acting in stories that reveal the power of the wicked Vampire—women over men—has been conceded to be the most realistic performances of their kind. There are those who admire the sensuousness of her work, others, her ability as an actress, others the strange fascination of her eyes. She has been a mysterious personality in private life. This is the first true story of that life, written at the turning point of her career when she has decided to Vamp no more. Her reason for this, her impulses and emotional work, her real origin are here told for the first time.

ALWAYS I have been a Charlatan, a register of human emotions. It may be because all intense feeling is pretense, since no one can explain the contrariness of life. Women have all but died for the love of a man, and all but died from hatred of him. There are degrees of Charlatanism and I have reached the third degree, the investigation of the facts.

Here are a few of the important ones.

1—Through inherited instincts a pretty woman soon discovers her good points, the points that intensify her success. In this way she begins a study of an exact science called Sex-appeal. No one warns her that it is a false appeal, on the contrary she is encouraged to develop the habitual intrigues of her good points.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2—The good little girl is just as bad as the bad little girl is good—so why moralize.

3—We were born to deceive, it is the way of a woman and a man.

As I said before there are degrees of pretense even in the expert skill of a vampire. Kipling's warning in "The Vampire" is too assertive. It is not in the mood of a true poet, because poetry defines the ideal. Swinburne's interpretation of pagan beauty in "Laus Veneris" is better poetry. No vampire would ever challenge Kipling. Though he may have inspired the verb "to vamp," he has only pointed at the Vampire, identified her type, whereas Swinburne has talked with her, established her age-old origin in Venus. Venus is still a highly respected goddess, although she is the Vampire of Adonis, if we agree with Shakespeare.

Today I regret the profligacy of my emotions. Not because they have deserted me, but because I have seen them in the sunlight of the spirit. Women deceive themselves too, quite as much as they deceive others; for in imagination they defy all conventions. Why this should be is one of the secrets of the Sphinx. Perhaps the vulgarities of the truth are offensive to their sensitive souls, or, perhaps a woman is the only truthful living type. Who can measure accurately the divine distance between what women try to be, and what they are intended to be?

For myself, I am convinced that I came from a long distance, tumbled into life from some whirlwind of predestined emotion. Ever since I can remember I have had great pretenses about me, in secret. With the humility of Buddhism I have had faith in my destiny. Theosophy has had no place in my beliefs. I have always been suspicious of reincarnation because the reincarnated always claim such august ancestry as Napoleon, Cæsar, Byron, Shelly, Socrates, Cleopatra, and so on. I have believed in myself and my destiny religiously. What I have done, what I have lived, suffered, overcome, has been predestined for me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY IDEAL OF EMOTIONAL SPLENDOR, DUSE

MY ideal of emotional splendor has been Duse, the peasant woman with her glow of divinity in tragic clay. The pallor of crucifixion is on her face, hers is the bloodless cheek of chaste renunciation. So great an artist as Sarah Bernhardt may thrill me, but, when at seventy a woman can blush as I have seen her, she has not realized the emancipation of passion. In the indefinite light of a dawn that years have not lifted, such a woman sees with the eternal indistinctness of youth. Duse has eyes that, remembering the sunrise, the noonday, and the sunset of her emotions, see the night. In a way, I am symbolizing my own strange perceptions in these impressions of Duse. They are not without the reservation which shall appear in all that I may say, however, that I am a Charlatan too. That is my sense of humor, the saving grace of baffling experiences.

What difference does it make where I was born? The house, the street, the town, are far behind me. They say that I was born in Chicago, in New York, in Cairo, even a cyclone cellar. To satisfy ideal curiosity I myself chose the African desert as my professional birth-place. To set at rest those who were mentally disturbed as to the exact spot, one of my American agents, with a pardonable sense of humor, insisted that I was born near the Pyramids; a camel's length to be more exact. For years my emotional display has been accredited to my Arab blood. Such is the fame of Charlatanism that dark hair and eyes have been interpreted as positive proof that I was nursed on camel's milk in a chief's tent, with my baby face turned to the East. Why deny an intrigue of such delicate satire? Somewhere, in the forgotten spaces through which my soul passed, I may have been kin to a Bedouin. Who knows, who cares, but I myself?

It happens, however, that among the scraps of memories that I find scattered on loose, closely-written pages, hidden away from the eager eye of irresponsible scribblers, I have preserved some personal recollections of my childhood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INSPIRING VALUES OF MUSIC

THEY are merely scraps, but they may serve to describe the relation of the child to the woman. I always wanted the center of the stage, even when I was a baby. And I wanted an audience. And yet, I was rather poorly equipped, for I could not even carry a tune. It was in trying to master this deficiency that I exercised my will power for the first time. I was about six years old. To my mother's house at that time came a mother and her child, a girl blessed with a tiny, tinkling-sweet voice that could, without any effort on her part, produce a sort of melody. She was extraordinarily shy, and always had to be coaxed to sing. I never had to be coaxed, I wanted to do everything without learning. How I raged in my heart when she sang—and how I listened! Never since, in all the problems of my emotional work have I ever had the same violent and burning desire to conquer something that eluded me. It must have been a tremendous will that I put forth in my work. I am certain that with an equal amount of will any ordinary man could move mountains.

One day, when she was visiting us, she was begged, coaxed to sing, and there was the usual sulking and fussing and hanging back. That was my moment. I rushed headlong into the breach.

"I'll sing it," I declared. My mother gasped and flushed and started to protest, but before she could stop me I was singing. In fact, I never stopped till I sang it through—in tune. It seems like a trivial incident, but it was an event in those processes of evolution by which I have overcome many obstacles. I doubt if I have ever since accomplished anything with such determination, and with such success. To this day my mother has never recovered from her astonishment.

Beyond the force of will with which this feat was performed, music has developed into inspiring values, but I have never become a musician. My chief accomplishment when I was a child was to recite. Yes, I could recite. My mother encouraged me patiently and devotedly in this, teaching me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the words of a recitation long before I could read. My favorite selection at the age of six was "The Dirty Faced Brat." Why my imagination should have seized upon this sordid poetic theme, I don't know. Its appeal was to the charitable heart. It was about a little boy who, by some disaster that was not explained, was starving, and who had the good sense to go out and shovel snow to keep the wolf from the door. To my innocent mind it was both melodramatic and sentimental. It inspired all my fervor. I would throw myself into the thing with dramatic intensity. What a delight it was to me when I found that I could make people cry. I cried with them and gloated over my power. This discovery was another event in the transition of my career. It is absurd to imagine that children cannot feel with all the intensity of grown-ups. The philosophy that comes into our lives later, I am sure, destroys much of the impulse of the child emotion. When I recited "The Dirty Faced Brat," I am sure that my emotions were as varied and keen as they had ever been. Only, they were untarnished by the rust and wear of experience.

MY CAREER DAWNS

I ALWAYS had the instincts of an actress. The difficulty sometimes in my childhood ambition was to get an audience. I needed advertising, no one knew what an actress I was. So one day brother, in a splendid impulse of gratitude to me for having rescued him from a boy scrape, promoted my first public appearance. With the practical but skeptical outlook of the masculine nature, my brother agreed to give me a test. He arranged a performance for me in the barn of "Old Man Dyker." Old man Dyker's theatre was not within the fire laws, but the ventilation was almost as good as the average motion-picture theatre. It was also about as decorative. The price of admission was five pins, but that would not have been enough to attract so large an audience, even with the talent announced. So Buddie, my brother, realized that there should be some other interest than merely a star performer to draw the crowd. So, it was announced that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the end of the performance, the entire audience would be served with lemonade and cookies. Those cookies were famous in the neighborhood, they were made by the cooking star of the country, "Our Lily." Lily was a Swede, beautiful and efficient, a sort of domestic vampire who went wrong subsequently. When the audience was collected in the barn, Buddie, with his sleeves rolled up, was prepared to deal summarily with any offender who dared to leave before the performance was over. Furthermore he was ticket-collector, the most determined manager I ever had.

I gave the entire entertainment alone. I sang, I danced, I recited, and how happy I was to make this exhibition for myself. No star has ever enjoyed such absolute dominion as I had that day. It was the dawn of my career. Even then I knew that hundreds of thousands of people would some day come to see me as an actress. Of course, the audiences that came afterward have been more sophisticated. My first audience was tempted by the pitcher of lemonade that stood conspicuously where they could see it as they came in. The temptations of the audiences that have come to see me since, may not have been so mild. Buddie will never admit that the lemonade had anything to do with the success of my first public appearance. He insists that only the terrific sight of the bared arms of this angry pugilist of seven years, guarding the door, made my success certain. He still claims his part of the success of that event.

"Well, Sis," he said, "I kept them in, didn't I?" I still remember his look of insolent pride which I have often seen since on the face of the strong, but never so sincerely as I saw it in Buddie's bronzed little face.

I EVINCE MIMETIC POWERS

LATER in life I could not experience anything about the abomination of self-consciousness ever present and dominating. Did my mother faint, one part of me performed its restorative agency (aromatic spirits of ammonia, twenty drops in a little water, etc.) the other part mentally tabulating all the while the symptoms of her facial expression,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labored breathing, and so on for future reproduction. I called myself a cold, cruel, insensate brute,—I hated myself for being a machine, a senseless human camera, but I couldn't get away from it. It had become a fixture,—so much so that in the heat of temper I would suddenly stop, transfixed, to examine my attitude, to consciously sense the condition of my body, impelled quickly to a mirror to survey my features, still distorted from my recent outburst, and all with the same idea: " I may have a chance to use this in some part." Many a time I have found myself on a street car imitating the expression on a horse's face. This is not to be laughed at. If you would see a real expression of tragedy observe some poor horse who has too long borne too heavy a load; you will see all the suffering of human life mirrored in that poor beast's sorrow-laden eyes. We are all mute before the earthly desolation, the soul-sorrow of dumb beasts.

As a child, I loved fiercely, ardently. I would have murdered anyone who hurt my mother's feelings. My mother was perhaps the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She had waves of soft, rich titian hair. Her skin was like rose satin, her eyes were never sad, like mine. She was vivacious, brilliant; people stared at her in the street. Her marriage to my father was a true romance. She was French, descended from the Bourbons.

I was born in the suburbs of a town in the Middle West. It was a comfortable home with porches, a garden with great trees in it, and a stable in which the ponies were kept which my sister and I rode. I was a golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl. The subsequent change to dark hair and eyes had nothing to do with the desert, however. My sister, who is nineteen today, is a perfect blonde. Up to the age of fifteen I spent the usual days at school, public school, then a year with a private tutor, and then a term at a girl's university in a Middle Western town. My greatest success at school was in recitation. I remember the old schoolmaster. He remains in my memory as a whimsical, remote old man whose chief features were his spectacles. He would look slowly, sternly over the class-room till he caught me in his eye, fastened me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the focus of his glasses. Then he would remove them slowly and address me formally. It was always the same question, the same time of bored *b* flat:

"Well, my dear, what shall it be today?"

I always gave the same recitation, "Which shall it be?" I was always sure of 100% for reciting it, so I never changed the selection. There was a dry, humorous twinkle in the old schoolmaster's eyes whenever he asked me the same formal question, and received the same reply. While I learned rapidly, I forgot just as quickly everything I learned. My mind could absorb an impression completely, but I never held the impression long. What education I received must have seeped into my soul and nourished the invisible roots of my being, somehow. My private tutor was a young man who taught me French and German, that is, until one day I slapped his face and so put an end to his solemn duties.

MY LIFE AN ILLOGICAL SCRAMBLE

TAKE it all in all I received a good all-round education, such as any American girl in moderate circumstances would receive. Being asked at the University to choose a special course, I shut my eyes and selected logic. I really had no particular leaning towards it, but I happened to pick it out. It was a bitter dose for a young emotional girl, but I have no doubt it was good for me. What knowledge I managed to absorb from this study may have influenced my life. I am not sure if I am a logical being or not. However, I remember my mother tying a wet cloth round my head one night and giving me a black brew called coffee to keep me awake while I swallowed my logic. I passed my examination and forgot all about the books. For a long time afterward my life was an illogical scramble for something I could not quite grasp.

At first I was sure that music was to be my career, so did my elders. I was taken to operas and symphony concerts. They were perplexing amusements because they gave me very little real pleasure. I do remember the beautiful sleep I had during a performance of "Parsifal." Most of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wagnerian operas which I had to attend made me sleepy. However, I used to do my piano exercises industriously, but always with a book hidden out of sight tucked away in front of me. Till the book was finished I faithfully practiced my scale.

Through all the usual little obligations and home duties of an average school girl, I was dreaming about fairies. I believed in fairies, I still believe in them. I knew that whatever you wanted, if you wished hard enough for it, the fairies would give it to you. My sister and I used to collaborate on fairy stories of our own. The big trees in our garden were filled with gnomes and I used to talk to them just as if they were really there. Like many children I lived in a world of incomprehensible imagination. My chief aim was as vague as the fairy stories I wrote. Unconsciously, perhaps, I was developing what very wise people call—constructive thought. The big places that I was to reach in my life would come to me, of that I was sure. I didn't care about the middle distances, the difficulties, the ways with which I was to arrive. I really didn't know what they would be. My self-confidence was almost prophetic.

There came a period in my life as a young girl when, due to business difficulties of my father, we were moving about a great deal. We traveled from place to place, living an unsettled life so far as home conditions were possible. In this way I was thrown very much upon my own resources of imagination, because we never stayed long enough anywhere to make the usual friends that girls have. I read a great deal. From books I constructed a youth of my own. Much that I read passed out of my mind, but recollections of those books which were necessary to my heart and mind still remain with me. My destiny was built for me by the unseen forces that drifted to the gateway of my imagination.

FULFILLING MY DESTINY

FINALLY I made up my mind to become an actress. I was about eighteen, the most important milestone in a woman's life. It is there she stops and reads the signs of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the future. It is the crossroad which decides her whole career. After much opposition my father gave me my fare to New York. So I came out of the West into the White Lights. I arrived in New York alone and it was the wonderful place to me that it has been, and ever will be, to the Western girl who sees it for the first time. Thousands of girls have come to New York just as I did, not stage-struck, but determined to start on the trail of independence. I went to a little hotel down near Washington Square. I was a little frightened, but the glow of the night lights, the glitter of the buildings, the splendor of that universal volume of fiction called New York, filled me with excitement and delight. After I had been in New York a little while, I was joined by an old family servant. The most startling thing in New York, to her, was a hansom cab. She never solved the mystery of how a man could drive in the air. She used to call them, "tarpezes." She was just a devoted companion but far from stimulating.

I had my experiences going around to dramatic agents looking for an engagement in a profession I knew nothing about. At last I was engaged for a small part in a road company at a salary of $25.00 a week. I should like to blot this experience out, for it is full of disappointment and discomfort. I wanted to be an actress, to be sure, but I didn't want to be an actress at the expense of unpleasant associations. However, I stuck to this engagement till the manager found a girl who was willing to play the part for $18.00 a week. I absolutely declined to have my salary cut. In this respect I was a real actress. I came back to New York and in a little while my mother and sister joined me.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL TWILIGHT OF LOVE

THERE followed a year or two of weird incomprehensible experiences which are too intimate for the public eye. They concerned the usual emotional surprises that are the mystery of youth. They were perhaps romantic. They flourished for a time in that beautiful twilight called love. A Greek drama, which was never produced, led me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Europe. I found myself in England, in rather poor health. I became a member of one of those travelling, open-air companies that gave very poor Shakespearian performances. The company was just as obscure as I was. However, my fairies stayed with me, retained their hopeful impulses, and sustained me. For a time I was quite ill, and I returned to New York a slender, pale, sad-eyed girl. If I had had any ambition to interpret the vampire character I couldn't have looked it by any stretch of imagination.

With my mother and sister, I found myself living in a small apartment in New York. Our money was getting very low. We didn't exactly starve, but the rent problem was heartbreaking. I used to say to my mother that she might pawn some of the beautiful things she had. The very mention of the word pawn-shop was as horrifying to her as if we had spoken of the morgue. There was an insurance of about $2,000 on the clothes we had in that apartment. That was our only safeguard.

One day I was going along the street and a man came up and spoke to me. He was very polite, very apologetic. He told me he was an agent for Moving Pictures. He said to me that he thought I would photograph well for the movies, he thought I had good eyes. He gave me his card and address and told me he could get me a salary of $175.00 a week. I drew myself up haughtily and told him that I wouldn't go into the movies for a million dollars. I despised them, nothing would ever induce me to become a moving-picture actress. I went back to my apartment and my mother thoroughly approved of my artistic mettle. A great change has come over me since then, and I will explain why, later.

A FIRE—THEN THE FILMS

IT WAS not long after this that I met Mr. Frank Powell who was then director for the Fox Films Amusement Co. He said I looked interesting, and asked me to watch the picture which he was making. I did so and went home. For a long time I heard nothing more about this. For a year, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fact, and if it hadn't been for our insurance I should not have survived that year as well as I did. It seemed to me that the fairies interfered in my favor again. A fire which happened ten doors away from our apartment reached us, by the most miraculous incident. The flames leaped along a cornice from the store in through the windows of our apartment and burned everything in it. My mother and sister and I barely escaped with our lives. I had my first experience in the problem of collecting insurance. The man I had to see was a horrid little person, but I used all the art of feminine persuasion upon him. I had to. My mother was taken ill with pneumonia from the exposure, and we needed the money. I finally succeeded in getting $900.00 from him, and on that $900.00 we lived one winter. I remember bringing the check home to my mother, crying copiously because it wasn't more, and saying to her at the time, " If I could only have cried like this to the insurance man, I should have got more money."

Are not all women Charlatans when it comes to a crisis in which they must act quickly? One day I received a telephone message from Mr. Powell asking me to call at the office. He offered me the leading rôle in " A Fool There Was " at $150.00 a week. I was sufficiently chastened almost to accept until he told me that I should have to wear a one-piece bathing suit in one of the scenes. This seemed to me so horrible that I demurred. I told my mother and she thought I was wrong. I remember putting on a sort of one-piece bathing suit which belonged to my brother and standing before the mirror in my bedroom in it. Slight incidents often lead to serious consequences. My embarrassment then, as I looked at myself in the mirror, seemed to finally end my future in moving pictures. The woman in me rebelled. As I look back at this slender crossroad of my destiny, I cannot help thinking of the inevitable command fate has over us. I had to accept the engagement in " A Fool There Was." I had to wear the one-piece bathing-suit in Florida where the picture was made —but, through error, it was cut out of the film. Like the painter whose picture of " Beatrice and Dante " became fa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mous only for the rail around the altar, I became famous for the Vampire-woman I am not.

I shall never forget the terrible experience of my first scene. I had to wear a make-up in the public street, and I felt like a lost soul. The scene was taken on the steamship pier. There must have been 2,000 people standing around looking at me. The whole world seemed to have turned into human eyes. I drove up in a taxi, had to get out and walk aboard the steamship. The scene represented the moment when the man whom this woman had ruined came up to her, a tramp. I trembled, I shook, I all but died right there on the dock. But I didn't, and why I didn't, and how I became a moving-picture star, is perhaps the best part of my life story.

(To Be Continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCLE SAM TO BOOST BUSINESS

What the Department of Commerce Hopes For

By Hon. WILLIAM C. REDFIELD
[SECRETARY OF COMMERCE]

AS far and fast as we may we must set our commerce free from all restrictions and look toward a great and growing domestic and foreign trade. Business men, whether public or private, must, however, consider actual facts in planning both the time and the extent of their trade efforts.

Facts are stubborn things. Impatience alone will not remove them; earnest and patient effort may do so. Some trade restrictions arising from blockade are involved in the substance of the armistice itself and can only be met by concurrent action, and must also, when relaxed, be relaxed for those who have been our foes as well as for ourselves and our associates. Others are matters of contract but also require concurrent action so that we cannot move by ourselves. These, too, involve the time and the extent when restrictions shall be removed from our enemies. The movement, however, on all sides is happily toward freedom of action.

There are those who seem to think that the commerce of the United States has two distinct parts which have little in common. They speak of foreign commerce and of domestic commerce as separate and even at times as almost antagonistic. Some urge the Department of Commerce to give less thought to foreign trade and more to domestic trade and it has been criticised for so far ignoring the greater and caring so much for the less. Apart, however, from the fact that it operates under law and by appropriations which are laws and may not be diverted from their scope to another purpose, however good, the criticism involves a basic mis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apprehension. Foreign commerce and domestic commerce are not two and separate but one and the same, though under different phases. The distinction between them is superficial; their union is real.

No foreign order can come to this country without involving some, perhaps many, transactions in domestic trade. Wages paid for work on goods sold abroad are expended in domestic business. Materials manufactured for foreign sales come from domestic producers. The foreign commercial field is the friend and supporter of the domestic commercial field. One cannot as a matter of economic fact promote domestic commerce without in so doing promoting foreign commerce. One cannot in truth promote foreign commerce without thereby aiding domestic commerce. Nations do not, indeed cannot, live unto themselves alone any more than men can and do. The man or the nation that is self-centered fails of his high calling. We may not in foreign trade or in domestic policy be keepers merely of ourselves. Experience and economics as well as ethics answer affirmatively the question "Are nations their brothers' keepers?"

OUR WAR PROBLEMS NOT ENDED

IT was characteristic of American energy that when the President announced the close of active military operations through the signing of the armistice many in our land jumped to the conclusion that the war was over and that all that was necessary was to take up the threads, go ahead and readjust quickly, get busy, get results. A program of readjustment was suggested and we were to push ahead with business as usual. These ardent spirits, whose energy is not to be abused, for it is that which has created America and won the war, forgot however certain facts which made their ardor unpractical. In the sense of military operations the war was over; in the sense of war problems, war limitations, war difficulties, war responsibilities, it was not over and is not over yet.

Take the problem of food, strictly a war result and a war problem; it is more pressing today than ever, more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

restrictive in its effect upon the pulse of commerce because of its demands on ships. It does not, indeed, come to our breakfast table and say as it did, "Eat less that others may have to eat," because following wise leadership the country has produced enough for ourselves and to spare for others. But this very abundance presses hard upon the tools we have available to do the work of transporting and distributing, and the very volume of this abundance calls for special efforts in financing.

Consider well the problem of credits. We are the great unexhausted reservoir of finance, but if we are at one and the same time to finance a great revival of trade at home and a large part of the necessary reconstruction abroad, may there not be a question whether this tool of trade will not be overstrained to do all the work required of it? The apostles of hurry should remember that conditions seem to be such that we who would trade must also furnish the means to pay the bills, and this not for ourselves alone but for others as well. This is a new problem, a war problem, a novel responsibility but very real. Our brethren overseas are doing their best to care for themselves. We cannot but admire the fine spirit of self-help in which France takes up her terrible problem. She plans—and we respect her the more for it, if that were possible—to do all she can for herself and out of her own resources to make good her losses so far as she is able. This is what every self-respecting man or nation would do and we have in our own land admired our cities when in time of calamity they have tried to the utmost to work out their own salvation. So may we not wisely think of our old friend the French Republic as a friend who knows our heart is hers, and the work of our hands and the contents of our purses are at her disposal to be given and taken in brotherly kindness but in no sense to be forced upon her.

HOW UNCLE SAM PROMOTES TRADE

WE must remember also that the possible problems of force are not wholly gone. Germany seems in chaos; Russia we know is so. Who will say today what is the future

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Bolshevism? We must consider also that the newly-born nations which have been created amid the storm of war are but barely born. Their exact boundaries are in some cases yet undefined, their organization far from complete. They are not now able to buy largely. They need time and definition and formal welcoming into the family of nations and the establishing of credits before they can become large markets. The status of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Armenia hangs in a still uncertain balance. In planning for commerce with these countries we shall do well to recall that "All things come to him who will but wait." Meanwhile the actual work of reconstruction goes ahead. We have ourselves taken into civil life 700,000 of our soldiers and the process proceeds at the rate of about 10,000 daily. There is as yet no serious unemployment. It exists in certain places for local and understood reasons but on the whole there is still a shortage of labor and business houses are advertising for help.

Nevertheless it is important that we have, both now and in the future, work to do for labor and for factory and that we look wherever we may for markets at home and abroad in which we can serve alike our fellow citizens and our foreign customers. It is for this purpose that the Department of Commerce exists. Its organization at home and abroad is complete. It will need the motive power of sufficient appropriations. Without these it will be all but helpless. It has asked Congress for much larger sums than have ever been given to it in the past and it hopes and believes that it will secure favorable consideration for its requests. There are three forms its commercial activities are expected to take: The promotive abroad, the scientific at home, the co-operative at home. The first two are now being greatly expanded. The third is new, a valuable legacy from the War Industries Board.

Our promotive work lies in the hands of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. This service maintains a foreign force of its own and works in close co-operation with the Consular Service. The two combined provide in every important country a three-fold force which may be termed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a general fixed force, a local fixed force, and a traveling force. The first consists of the commercial attaches, officers of the Department of Commerce, with a general outlook upon the commerce of the nation to which they are assigned. They have nothing but commercial duties to perform. They aid and are helped by the presiding officers of the Consular Service with whom it is our earnest purpose they should co-operate and they are also the commercial assistants to our Ministers and Ambassadors who have repeatedly acknowledged the value of their services.

What I have called the local fixed force comprises the consuls, under the Department of State. They are settled at local points with fixed areas. In these they perform many other duties besides commercial ones. They are thus necessarily limited in area to their district, in scope by the legal requirements to give other matters than commerce much of their time and thought. The work done by these officers is of fine and increasing value. They are an important and productive element in the foreign commercial force of the Government. The traveling force, composed of trade commissioners, take special subjects or lines of business and, being familiar with them at home, study them in different countries or in groups of countries abroad, report upon them while in the field, and on their return make both oral and written reports which reach alike individuals, business houses, and the general public.

A FREE COMMERCIAL SERVICE THAT COVERS THE EARTH

THIS three-fold foreign service is matched by a domestic one which covers the entire country with seven district offices and seven co-operating offices through chambers of commerce and is aided by a continued series of publications, one of them daily, which both by countries and by subjects make the information available to all who desire it. It is a matter of constant occurrence that business houses and organizations at much expense seek abroad information which is available for them without cost and on demand in Washington. Every effort is made, short of direct advertising

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is not permitted, to inform the business public that today there are organizations doing for pay some of that work which we freely do and the business world does not as yet avail itself as it might of our service. The demands, however, press us hard and we are enlarging our force and facilities to meet them. Broadly, the fact is that this free commercial service covers the whole earth and is so flexible that it can cover the widest needs of American commerce; its extent depends solely upon the funds provided. We have been complimented by having the organization and effectiveness of this service commended by our foreign competitors and followed by them in their own work.

The scientific world on behalf of commerce and industries centers in the Bureau of Standards, with certain interesting specific instances in the Bureau of Fisheries. Of this latter we may briefly say that it has aided the development of a new leather supply from aquatic sources through which the shark, the ray, and other unused fishes have become of economic value. It sustains the pearl-button industry by maintaining the supply of raw material and has created in this country the industry of dressing, dyeing, and finishing seal furs and other fur skins. The Bureau of Standards offers to the industries of America that scientific support which Germany has given hers but which we have hitherto lacked. Its great research laboratories are finely equipped and its experienced staff is competent and eager to aid industry. It seems commonplace to say that the basis of industry is accurate knowledge but this truism, as it seems, has not been true as a whole of the industries of America in the sense of their having accurate scientific research into their own affairs available for them. When chemistry entered the steel business so-called practical men objected and the man of science has not always been welcome in American factories, with some fine exceptions. Our industries are coming to see their need of scientific research. Some of them know from experience how fruitful it is. The Bureau of Standards, released from its intense war activities, offers an opportunity of helpfulness in this direction, having built and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equipped great laboratories with that largely in view, and welcomes an opportunity to co-operate with the technical men of the industrial world in mutual helpfulness.

The co-operative service consists of two branches—that which is called directly the Industrial Co-operation Service and the Waste Reclamation Service. These are valuable legacies from the War Industries Board intended to continue under peace conditions much of what was well done during war. Their purpose is to standardize on the commercial side as the Bureau of Standards does on the scientific side, to do away with wasteful and hurtful trade practices, to eliminate unnecessary sizes, styles, and varieties of goods, to learn and strengthen industrial weaknesses. Its purpose is flexible and is as wide as the needs of industry. It has no compulsory powers but operates through common counsel. It is in touch with business organizations and has at its command the advice of the gentlemen who were the heads of the various divisions of the War Industries Board during the war and represented great industries therein. The Waste Reclamation Service, a sister legacy from the War Industries Board, has had great success in the salvaging of wasted materials and our plan is to continue that work in co-operation with numerous national societies and with the officers of municipalities all through the land. It would not be outside reason to think that the continued operation of this single service may readily return to the country many times annually the entire cost of the whole Department of Commerce and the same is true of the Industrial Co-operation Service.

The Department of Commerce is prepared, if it shall receive the support of Congress, to sustain our commerce and industry both in the domestic and the foreign field, providing both a scientific and a commercial service at home co-operating with the great commercial service abroad. It is, we venture to think, a unique governmental organization, better equipped with men and apparatus than anything of its kind in the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"When Cupid Goes A-Profiteering"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

What is a Breach of Promise?—Cupid's Indemnity

By DELANCEY KNOX

WHAT is the value of a woman's heart? Juries and learned justices have pondered the question in perplexity. The ablest lawyers of America have roused the emotions of prosaic juries to the end of soothing the aching heart of a plaintive fair with the cash balm of mere man. Some broken hearts have been valued by the court as high as $75,000; others have been valued at only one cent; and others have been held to have no value at all. Breach of promise has brought some of the most prominent men and women of the United States into court. What constitutes a breach of promise? When can the little god of love justifiably demand indemnity or reparation?

Lawyers say that breach of promise must be based upon a promise to marry, and that it must be shown to the court that the woman has been injured spiritually or materially because of the man's failure to fulfill his pledge. Sometimes the promise may not be clean cut. There are cases on record where the courts have decided that by implication the promise was made. There are other cases wherein the promise was definite, but no actual injury, due to its failure, could be shown. A cynic has said that the chances for a woman winning a breach of promise suit are directly proportional to the degree of pathos, innocence and winsomeness that she is able to impress upon the jury in court.

What constitutes breach of promise? When is a woman so wronged that a transfer of cold cash to her pocketbook is justifiable as a balm? On this point lawyers differ. Some hold that the injury done to a woman's feelings, her emotions, to the psychological phase of her being is sufficient. Others hold that proof of an economic injury done her by the man's breach of promise must be established. Others say that it all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depends upon the characters of the litigants and of the jury.

A young man and a young woman agree to be married. A brief space of time, a month or two, elapses and the man believes he has discerned in the girl some phase of character, not necessarily bad, but which in the intimacy of married life would create incompatibility. Were that jilted girl to sue for breach of promise she would have a hard time winning. *But,* were that young man and his fiancée to remain betrothed for a considerable time, were the girl to isolate herself from other men, were she to put aside all chances of marriage, remaining faithful to her sweetheart, were this state of affairs to continue for several years and *then* were the man to decide he would not be married, that would make a breach of promise suit which almost any lawyer could win.

In the first case, no real injury was done the girl unless it could be shown that the jilting had wrecked her life, made her morose, possibly been responsible for a nervous breakdown, indeed embittered her to such an extent that the man had actually *injured* her life. And to prove a psychological condition to the satisfaction of the court is extremely difficult. In the second case, the girl in the eyes of the court would have been done a decided injury. She would have given the youth of her life to this man, placed it in escrow to him, as it were, and his breaking of the love pact would have resulted in decided loss to her both spiritual and material.

VARYING QUOTATIONS FOR HEARTS

LITIGATION and settlement of psycho-amatory claims in and out of court make it possible to assemble figures and attempt from them to arrive at some approximation, in the judgment of the law, of the worth of a woman's heart. It would seem from a study of cases and awards that juries make nice distinctions between broken hearts, cracked hearts and dented hearts. It is a matter of record that a stenographer was awarded $100,000 from her aged employer. She devoted her youth to him, on promise of marriage. The award was based upon economic injury done the girl. Another girl sued a New York business man, a dealer in novel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties, claiming $10,000. Her side of the story was that one night he asked her if she looked upon their engagement seriously. "I was stunned for a few moments. Then I burst out into tears and told him that I had already prepared my wedding dress." The man's side of the story was that she had broken the engagement herself because she objected to his drinking beer. In the light of the beer now being made the lady's objection seemed well taken. The case went up to the Supreme Court of New York State, where the jury decided that the girl's heart had not been broken, but it had at least been cracked; so they awarded her, not $10,000, but $1,200.

The heart of a grandmother is apparently supposed to be of a somewhat tougher fibre, well proofed against breaking and cracking but apt to be dented. The lady in the case lived in Hackensack and was seventy years old. She sued an old gentleman three years older than herself for $20,000 for breach of promise. She said he had called her "Sis" and "Dearie," and sometimes "His little girlie," and had promised to marry her. She exhibited to the court a wedding ring which she said the ancient *Romeo* had given her. She also stated that because of his promise to marry her she had bought four black silk petticoats, a brown travelling dress and a grey silk wedding gown. The jury, in handing down an award of $350, took the cost of these articles into consideration. The difference between their value and $350 was the amatory value of a seventy-year-old heart.

HUGS AND KISSES BY MAIL

MOST breach of promise suits, are based upon gushy, mushy love letters. It is one of the amazingly interesting paradoxes of life that some of the cleverest people write the most astonishingly indiscreet and absurd letters to women. The boy in school, very young, writes on a slate, "Susy Smith is a Peach," furtively shows it to her around a corner of the desk and then wipes it out. The man, alas, has not as much sense as the boy! The man not only fails to erase what he writes, but places it in the mail. With other letters it then reposes in some lady's boudoir, carefully tied

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with ribbon, a charge of high explosive beside which TNT is as a spring zephyr. And men in every walk of life, of the highest intelligence, write these letters. You doubt this?

> "My Precious:—I have been out of town for some time and came in this morning for the opening of the university where I had to do stunts, as you may observe by the papers. You were so heavenly last night. I can scarcely wait until Monday. I kiss your little hands and adore you."

The writer of that note was one of the most brilliant professors of one of the largest Eastern universities. Or—

> "My Own Bruce (a pet name for a rising young soprano):—I am sending you one hundred million of kisses, hugs and pettings, you great, glorious bossie."

The man who wrote that was one of the most clever and daring organizers of enterprises in America. His brain possessed power that induced the support of thousands of dollars; yet it declined to foresee breach of promise. Or—

> "Dearest:—If a tray of pearls with imitations also were all mixed up, and each pearl and imitation represented a woman, there would be one pearl with the most beautiful lustre and skin and evenness—and that pearl would be you, Bessie. I am so sorry you are having trouble with those darling eyes. I wish I could kiss them well."

The woman who received that letter was an actress, a very clever dancer. The man who wrote it was one of the most sophisticated men in America, a millionaire many times over. A man who had travelled far and wide, he had been well schooled by meeting all types of people. He had observed friends of his in all sorts of feminine entanglements; he was the type which is called "wise"; yet he wrote of kissing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"darling eyes" and was one day sued for breach of promise. Or—

> "Dear Ruzzie Lamb:—Oh, very much have I kissed your little lines lately, and I have not failed to be at the wireless station to receive and send 'Ikies'—ks. Your Brunhilde fond and true.
>
> Boo-hoo-hoo
> Because I miss you.
>
> "Hellie Lamb."

"Hellie Lamb" was a wealthy young lady of Westchester County and she wrote to "Ruzzie Lamb," a young man of New York City. The woman did the gushy writing, courted breach of promise, but then a man never sued for heart damages. But for once the worm turned. "Hellie Lamb," or Helen, promised to marry "Ruzzie Lamb," or Russell—so he thought. Helen wearied of Russell; there were no more letters and, of course, never a wedding. Russell brought suit for breach of promise. A male dared to go into court and demand cash for a broken heart! Of course, he received no award, despite the very amorous letters that the young lady wrote him. All of which would seem to indicate that in the eyes of the jury men have no damaged hearts.

Why do highly educated men write seemingly foolish and childish love letters? This mania which every so often finds its way into the newspapers can only be explained by a theory that the writers are enjoying a second youth. There must be that in most men, a spirit which, like *Peter Pan's,* never allows him to grow up. The same spirit that causes the boy to carve his sweetheart's initials on the trees or to chalk her name with many flattering adjectives upon the pavement, rarely dies upon his attaining manhood. It may be smothered by business; but it is apt perilously to reawaken and once more inspire fervid, even burning tributes to the feminine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY MEN WRITE LOVE LETTERS—JACK LONDON'S

IT would seem that there are two kinds of mental states from which the fevered love letter springs. One is the state of the man who has lost the gravity and seriousness of early manhood and has become like a happy, careless, irresponsible boy. The other is the state of mind of the man who never grows up. Education and learning cannot and do not efface instincts of nature. Hence the love letter. It is only the very rare mentality which can detach itself from its own self and laugh at it. The person possessing such a mentality never writes letters that would bring him into a breach of promise suit. Such a man was the late Jack London. He once wrote a series of letters on love to a brilliant Russian Jewess. These were afterwards collected and published as a book. They were not written for publication. He and she both exchanged letters, expositizing what they thought of love. The woman's idea of it, as she wrote it, was: "My love begins in my biologic self, grows with my growth, takes its hues from visioned sunsets in cornflower skies, its grace from swaying rivers of grain seen in dreams. It is for me what it is for fish and fowl, beast and vegetable. It is my passion for perpetuation, but it is also something as different from this as I am different from beast and vegetable. My love is blind, unreasoning and compelling, and for that I trust it."

To this Jack London replied: "Love is a disorder of mind and body, and is produced by passion under the stimulus of imagination."

But merely writing that opinion of love got Jack London into trouble. For, when these letters were published the first Mrs. Jack London thought that they revealed a frankly material viewpoint of her husband upon the subject of love, and his views, so expressed, influenced her to procure a divorce. The moral of which is, never write your thoughts on love.

Jack London's collaborator on the letters upon love, the Russian girl, subsequently married and she had the interesting experience of sitting in court while a little French girl

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sued her millionaire husband for breach of promise, $100,000. There was read in court a letter that the French girl wrote the Russian girl's husband before he was married. "As long as you are near me, life and everything else was smiling. Good-bye forever. Devoted until death. The paper is a little damp. You can feel the tears. Bertha."

When this love letter, written to her husband, was read in court, Jack London's former collaborator smiled, nudged her husband and shrugged her shoulders. Apparently this type of love letter did not satisfy the fastidious requirements of the young Russian woman; it lacked the calm elevation of thought which characterized her own letters to Jack London. And, because her new millionaire husband was able to show the court, by the French girl's letters to him, that she alone had sought marriage, her suit for $100,000 failed.

A CHECK FOR "ONE THOUSAND KISSES"

A WIDOWER ought to know better, particularly when the woman in the case was a widow. She, who lived in Newark, N. J., Mrs. M— I—, brought suit for breach of promise against Mr. E— K—. She said that her bereavement had not been long when she was besieged by suitors of whom Mr. K— was the most ardent. He wrote her eighty-one letters of the type foreshadowing trouble; also he was quite an original swain, for he sent her a check. It seems that the widow tried to cash this check. It was drawn on a Federal bank, and it was for "one thousand kisses," payable to her. Mr. K— signed it. The fact that she presented this check at the bank was made much of by Mr. K's lawyer, who claimed that her act indicated that she did not regard his suit seriously. As evidence it was offered by the defence that a teller in the bank had written on the back of the check, "Bank cannot honor. Maker will have to pay in person." Apparently the teller was not of a charitable disposition; or had once skated the edges of a breach of promise himself. The widow then tried to collect the check from the maker, Mr. K—, but Mr. K.'s resources were not at the time equal to a "thousand kisses"—nor one kiss.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The widow brought suit for breach of promise, claiming that all her other suitors had taken flight in the face of Mr. K's tireless campaign for her hand, and that she was left high and dry. Also, the wretch married another woman! The widow demanded $20,000 damages; the court awarded her $2,500. Which would seem to indicate a nice point in the minds of the jury. The widow's economic future was unquestionably injured in their minds, this in view of the many suitors attendant upon her, who had fled before Mr. K's wooing. By the law of probabilities, it is possible that one of these suitors might have caused the widow to buy a grey silk wedding dress were it not for the amorous intrusion of Mr. K—. But, she had not given to Mr. K— the years of her youth, nor had her life been wrecked by his courtship. She had possessed marital happiness once and it is a rash person who would twice ask the gods for connubial bliss. Hence a deduction, allowed for her previous marriage, a grading down of the amount for which she sued, $20,000, to a paltry $2,500.

The widow in that case had eighty-one love letters and collected $2,500 upon them. Thus, about $30 would seem to be about the average market price for a mature writing on the slate of "I love you, Jo." This value on an amorous letter was also established by the Supreme Court of New York. A Chicago girl, Miss C., sued a Boston man, Mr. T., for $3,000 due on a note. She stated that this note was given her in consideration of $740 loaned him by her, turquoise earrings, a bar diamond pin and seventy love letters of his which she returned. She estimated the seventy love letters to be worth about $2,000, which would be almost $30 each. Follows a love letter, judged on that basis at about $30:

> "My Dear Kitten: You don't know how anxious I am to take you in my arms once more and have one of our sweet kisses, etc."

There are young ladies who have been known to possess men's letters and to scorn courts. There is a wealthy New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York hotel man who wrote to a light young lady who lived in the hotel he owned:

> "I am a cross, crabbed, ugly old cove, and such a nice letter from a pretty girl has turned my head." (But the man was very, very wise, for he continued): "In the first place, you know I am a divorced man, forbidden to marry; second, any man who has failed to retain the love of the woman who was desperately in love with him would count it a crime to try matrimony on a girl the second time. In the third place, I am too old, so all I can do is to be polite and some day come across a widow or a divorcee who has had all the matrimonial experiences she wants for life and we will just be good friends," etc.

The man's letters were all written in the same vein. The girl had no grounds whatever for breach of promise; but love letters are worth money. Some of the letters would not look particularly well, in view of his position in life, were they to be given to the newspapers. So the girl decided to sell his letters to him. He was not interested in buying them back so the girl became enraged and shot him in one of his old legs. After that, and upon the notoriety of it, the girl received an engagement in vaudeville. All of which would seem to indicate that even if a man writes a girl, "I am a crabbed old cove," it has its financial possibilities for her.

It is not often that physicians write love letters to trained nurses, but there is a prominent New York physician, Dr. X., who did. He wrote a pretty nurse two hundred letters, which she produced in a $50,000 suit for breach of promise. She did not win the suit, and the reason for her losing was that through the physician's letters there was ever present an undertone of resignation to an unspoken but quite obvious opinion that they could never be married. The type of letter the physician wrote the nurse has not a high value in the eyes of the law:

> "Little Girl:—All the sweetness of the world is embodied in you. You know I know this. You are in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finitely happier than I am, even though I do make you miserable. You have your work, people love you and you are a success. Womanlike and like in the novels, you want the other."

This note, analyzed, indicates that the physician was not ruthless. The physician knew the girl was in love with him. Some fairy of kindness in his nature whispered to him to write something which he knew would please her—a tendency which inevitably brings trouble. His sentence, "All the sweetness in the world is embodied in you," would indicate that desire to please her. Immediately, however, his pen lets her know by implication that he is not in love with her, viz., his sentence, "You have your work," etc. That type of letter which is ardent at the beginning and which then takes on a mood of resignation has no great value in a breach of promise suit. A jury opines, as a rule, that the person who received such a letter, unless she be a mental defect, knows that the suggestion of love in it is meaningless.

BUSINESS MEN NOT IMMUNE TO LOVE BROILS

ONE might think that artists, opera singers, people of the theatre, authors, would be involved in breach of promise more than business men. One might think that because of the nature of the work of artistic professions, rousing the imagination as it does, an artist would perhaps be quicker to imagine in a woman he meets the "dream face." One might think that an artist would be swift to attribute to a woman all the virtues of the world; and the desire for expression overcoming him, he would then put these thoughts down on paper, in letters. One might then imagine the artist discovering that the woman to whom his imagination has credited all virtues, of course, does not possess them, indeed the contrary. Comes coolness, then breach of promise.

But the records of breach of promise cases show that "the professions" are not alone susceptible to breach of promise. The hardest headed business men have often made themselves in their letters to appear to be the most glorious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fools. A New York broker, skilled in " wash sales," at " cutting fractions of points," wrote some astonishing letters to a woman whom he always addressed as " Boo'ful Baby." In a moment of sanity one day at the young lady's apartment he saw his letters all nicely tied up. Why do women save letters,—for romantic reveries, or for breach of promise? The broker decided he had better possess his old letters and he purloined them. Then being a most romantic fool, instead of immediately destroying them, he saved them to read! The woman missed the letters, guessed who had taken them, went to his apartment and got them back in his absence. He never saw them again until they were produced in court. There they cost him $8,000 breach of promise, the court deciding that the unusual intimacy in their relations, which permitted each to have access to the other's personal belongings —viz., the love letters—indicated—or should have—contemplated a marital state.

There is in America a grand opera star who a few years ago faced a $50,000 suit for breach of promise. In the early days, before his golden voice was inducing thousands of dollars from an adoring American public, he walked the streets of a city of his native land. Chancing into a glove store, he saw there a charming dark beauty of southern Europe. The singer was captivated and the next day he sent her as a present a handsome watch. The little salesgirl when she brought breach of promise against the singer, declared that they soon became betrothed. She had been poorly educated and said that at his suggestion she took up the study of French and in other ways sought to equip herself so that she might meet as an equal the persons who moved in the society of her singer husband-to-be. She declared that she accompanied him with a chaperon wherever his engagements took him, and that he never sang so beautifully as when she was there. The singer went to Berlin and the girl, accompanied by her father, went to visit him there. She claimed that she was introduced to his fellow-artists as his fiancee and that he gave a great banquet in her honor before she left to return to her southern home. Then his letters to her followed the inevitable laws of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all breach of promise case letters. They became lukewarm, tepid, cool, cold. His final letter to her was, "My Bohemian life is not fitted to bring us together. I have now had time to reflect and I want to part good friends. I shall always retain a pleasant impression of you and am disposed to make good any loss you have suffered by leaving your employment. We should both be unhappy, so let us each regain our liberty."

She threatened breach of promise. The singer's lawyers made the point that because he had treated her so generously during the two years of their engagement, given her family money for her education, given them funds for clothing her in a lavish way, footed the bills for chaperons, travelling expenses, that in court she could collect no damages. Still, the attorney said that the singer had authorized him to give her a sum sufficient to set her up in business so that her economic future would be assured. She responded with a demand for $50,000, insisting that her feelings had been damaged. Rather than have a breach of promise suit drag through the courts the singer's lawyer offered a settlement to the girl of $12,000.

THE CAUSE OF MOST BREACH OF PROMISE SUITS

LOVE letters cause nearly all breach of promise suits. Like high explosive shells which fall without detonating love letters descend into Milady's boudoir. Most of the explosions never take place. The public hears only about a few which do. In most packages of ribbon-tied letters lying in Milady's treasure chest there is potential breach of promise. Some day the woman hears that the sweetheart of days gone by has married. If she is indifferent or in love herself at the moment, he is safe. If a sudden pang of jealousy possesses her, if she feels she has been scorned, then comes fury; then breach of promise, then a frenzied attempt in court.

Most breach of promise suits are brought by women for sheer profit. Those which are done for vengeance are few. No woman if she has a vestige of pride would air in a court

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of law the fact that she had been jilted by some man; no woman with foresight would lay herself open to the slurring attacks in public of the man's lawyer. Most breach of promise suits are begun by women in an absolutely cold-cash collecting mood. The woman who sues in that mood loses more than she can ever gain from a jury's award. Also at best it is a gamble, for no lawyer can tell just what the action of the jury will be. No woman can begin suit for $50,000 knowing with reasonable surety whether she is going to collect $50,000, or be awarded $2,000, or end the suit with nothing but regrets. Juries have placed a value on a woman's heart which runs all the way from $100,000 to one cent.

ALL THAT A MAN NEED KNOW

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

A LARK sang in the linden tree,
Interpreting the dawn to me;
A brooklet loitering through the grass,
Lilted a song of things that pass—
Of cities and creeds, and men and kings
Who plum the seas with pudding strings,
And where the velvet hills fold down
To shield the valley from the town,
A blossom, with its golden glow,
Taught me all that a man need know.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PSYCHOLOGY IN WOMAN'S DRESS

By BERTHA HOLLEY

IF the term *psychology* means for us only the complicated mental mechanics of the schoolmen, then there is no psychology of dress. As an artist, I doubt whether in the old-fashioned acceptance of the word, there is any psychology at all. The artist and the schoolman face opposite ways. The professorial type knows mind only as capable of impression, and he has made psychology the record of impression, and the impression of impression, until, although the *ology* increased, the *psyche* faded away. But the artist knows mind as capable of expression—as requiring expression—and in the creative joy of the *psyche* he has thrown *ology* into the waste-basket.

The psychology of dress, therefore, is part of the psychology of artistic creation. As long as a woman believes that her first duty is to conform to a rigid standard of appearance imposed from the outside, she is more gown than woman. Most people, unfortunately, carry on their mental processes from impression rather than expression. To the artist, they seem like images in a glass—reflections and not realities. Take away the glass and the person simply disappears. Their religion is, Mirror My God to Thee!

But there is a definite, important psychology of the wardrobe for the woman who realizes that dress is not a mere protection against wind and rain and cold, nor a mere passive badge denoting wealth or class, but an extension of her very personality. I wish every woman would memorize that phrase. And having memorized it, I wish that women would appreciate how fundamental is "expression through appearance." A gown is to the physical presence what convictions and moods are to the mind. The intelligent woman disdains to borrow her opinions—I feel that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many women today dislike the idea of borrowing their clothes. To the sensitive person, that is exactly what conventional dresses are—borrowed, second-hand clothes.

A woman's wardrobe should be as responsive to her moods as a piano to the musician's touch. If, as the old Puritans believed, any garment but the deadly dull is a sin, then nature would have given us all a fur coat or feathers, and the problem would be settled. But nature left us to our own resources. We have to make our own clothes just as we have to make our own homes. We have architects to design congenial homes, so we must have artists to design expressive gowns.

For society is on the continual search for distinction. As long as fashion created a definite distinction, even though merely of class and not type, to be fashionable brought a certain satisfaction like that of self-expression, though on a low plane. But the search for distinction has been compelled to take a new path, as the way of fashion was overrun by machine production. The turn of the path is here, in the *psychology* of dress. And that psychology has nothing to do with dusty books, for the key to the mystery of self-expression is in the artist's sense of beauty.

The modern artist should be creating not beautiful pictures of conventionalized women, but beautiful women. He should begin to realize that art is sterile except as it expresses other selves besides his own. And speaking of beauty, here is a strange fact: your conventional "pretty" woman takes a back seat in comparison with a so-called plain woman whose wardrobe has artistic distinction. There is a tremendous power in color and line rightly applied to the human figure. It is not a distinction given from the outside, like a title, for the essence of color and line in dress is that it corresponds to a strictly personal and therefore unique *datum*. Every woman has a latent charm only brought out by her own colors and lines. When this charm is evoked by the artist, we no longer use the arbitrary divi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion "pretty and "plain," for we are dealing with a new and vital element, *personality*. It has been my experience as an artist whose medium is this mysterious element of personality, that the woman once finding herself in the matter of dress has thereby gained access to an unsuspected psychological power. In one of the most important relationships of life she has turned from self-repression to self-expression. And self-expression, O ye learned ones! is identical with self-development.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

Plays of the Departing Season

THE poet's Spring song is of budding trees, murmuring brooks and golden sunshine. The managers, however, have little use for such properties of Nature unless the script of the new play demands an out-of-doors "set"—and then they complain because of the cost of the necessary picture. The words of the song of the theatre is more apt to be, "What will next season be like?" and "Do I dare make a production in May?" "How long before we have hot weather?"

Those managers who wished to rush in late productions have been aided by the weather this Spring. It has been cold, and the theatres, which usually find their business falling off about the first of April, have been profitably crowded. New productions might have been financial successes, but, unfortunately, the quality of the late plays has not been up to the standard.

Consider "Dark Rosaleen." Only David Belasco could have made a success out of this play. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, with several lines that have pleased the free-Ireland followers, because those so inclined believe the play will act as propaganda. The plot hinges on a horse-race, which could not be called novel, for horse-racing has been the motif of more than one extremely successful play. However the play is rich in atmosphere, that subtle atmosphere that Mr. Belasco sends across the footlights into the brains of his audience. He does it by his accurate stage pictures, and, in this case, by the excellence of the characterization offered by the players in minor parts. In the large cast there are a number of people who do or say little, but who make a remarkable background for the story. Perhaps the greatest point in favor of the play is that it allows Eileen Huban

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to appear in a production that is worthy of her talent. Miss Huban is the young woman who flashed into an acting success in a play that was a failure, and has since then been waiting for a part that would allow her to show all of her capabilities. She carries the part of *Moya* with ease, and helps materially to make "Dark Rosaleen" an interesting play, even if it brings little of real value to the departing season.

Another young woman who carries the weight of a late season production is Martha Hedman, who is featured in "Three for Diana." It is a light comedy, adapted from the Italian, and, unfortunately, not particularly well written. The speeches are talky, often pages in length, and necessarily push aside any possibility of action. The story is of the loves of *Diana,* who has had two husbands, and is about to have a third. Of course, such a plan is objected to by several members of her immediate circle of family and friends, and equally, of course, the objections are overruled, and the play ends happily. It is very slight. Miss Hedman is giving the same type of delightful performance that made the nurse in "The Boomerang" a treat, but even she cannot make the play a success. John Holiday, who has gained a reputation as a capable leading man for his several characterizations this season, plays opposite Miss Hedman. He is a pleasing actor, and will undoubtedly find another part in the immediate future.

"Our Pleasant Sins" is still another play that will not last long, in spite of the fact that it has a small and very clever cast. Like "Three for Diana," the story of the play is disclosed by dialogue with very little action. It is the old tale of the man who has been unfaithful, and the wife who forgives him and finally takes him back,—after the situation has been made to serve for the excuse of an evening at the theatre. Pauline Lord plays the wife, and it is to be hoped that some day this capable actress will have the opportunity to appear in a good play, with a "true to life" rôle. Forrest Winant is her husband. He makes the character an average man caught in a not unusual situation. Henrietta Crossman plays the sister of the hero, lending her usually intelligent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and altogether delightful personality to the part. Whenever Miss Crossman had anything to say or do that could be lifted from the ordinary—she lifted it, but most of the time she had to be contented to play a thankless, almost useless part. Even then she managed to crowd individuality into the rôle. Vincent Serraro has the other part in the play. It offers no tax to his ability. With a real play these people might delight audiences for years. They will probably be at liberty before the first of June.

A Funny Farce

"I LOVE YOU" was a relief after most of the Spring openings. It has a note of novelty in the plot, is filled with fun, and is well played. The play tells of a man who does not believe in love, and contends that he can take two people, any two people, and by placing them in what he considers an ideal lovers' situation, make them become engaged. The first pair selected are an electrician who comes to fix the lights, and a serious-minded young woman who is at a house-party. Of course, there is an ideal moonlight setting, and a sofa is arranged to try the experiment, and, of course, things go wrong to the extent of situations that are necessary for a successful farce. The second act is very funny, and leaves just enough explanation to make a third act happy ending. The play has a minus star cast, but is well acted.

Summer Shows

MR. C. B. DILLINGHAM has mastered the art of adding deft touches to all of his musical productions that lift them far out of the realm of the ordinary, and insures a delightful evening. In some circles he would be called a producer of "class"—which means, when translated, that he knows how to choose tasteful scenery, a cast of people who can sing and dance, and a chorus of beautiful girls who can act as if they always wore gowns from the Fifth Avenue shops. Then, too, Mr. Dillingham never goes altogether wrong on book, libretto, or music.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All this is apropos of the fact that Mr. Dillingham has a summer show, "She's a Good Fellow." The book and libretto in this case are from the pen of Anne Caldwell, who has done most of Fred Stone's musical plays as well as numerous others of great success. The story is not extraordinary, for it tells of a young man masquerading as a girl to be near the lady of his love. However, it is told with a crisp freshness that delights and amuses. While the element of novelty may be lacking, the element of entertainment is always present. Joseph Santley has the rôle of the young man who masquerades to be near his sweetheart, while Ivy Sawyer, who is Mrs. Santley in real life, plays the girl in the case. They are both pleasing players and have a nice clean method of offering lines or dancing. Anne Orr is pretty and clever, while Olin Howland, a tall, lean personage with acrobatic feet, is funny at all times. The rest of the cast has "Produced by Dillingham" stamped on their abilities. That means excellence.

A second new musical play, with book of lyrics by Anne Caldwell, has been called "The Lady in Red." This time the story is of an artist who dreams of a beautiful girl, paints her in the semi-nude, and wins a prize with the picture. The girl of his dreams happens to be a wealthy young society woman, who has likewise dreamed of the artist. When she finds that he is responsible for the painting her love fades, and she spurns him in true comic-opera fashion. To be revenged, he sells the picture to a soap-man for advertising purposes and the rest of the play is given over to the added understandings and misunderstandings that are necessary before the final curtain falls. So much for the story. Fortunately it involves a pretty actress, *Kitty St. Clair,* brings in her fiancé,—a vampire who wants to paint the soap-man as Apollo, and several young ladies of looks, who fill minor parts. These people, who have little part in the disclosing of the story, furnish the high lights of the evening. Adele Rowland, who is, to my mind, the most entertaining comedienne on the American stage, plays *Kitty.* Miss Rowland never makes any effort when she sings, dances, or makes amusing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remarks in her amusing way. She dresses handsomely, but never garishly, and wins her featured place on the program without any doubts. Second to Miss Rowland is Franklin Adrell, as the soap-man. He manages to be funny on several occasions, fun minus burlesque slap-stick. Ruth McTammany is the lady in red. She has been much heralded, but perhaps she was nervous on her first night. At any rate, she was not over-pleasing. The rest of the people in the cast are adequate, especially the four young ladies who play the minor rôles. They all make a background for Miss Rowland, and, with her help, "The Lady in Red" will probably last as a "summer show."

"Toot Sweet" is a pleasing vaudeville entertainment produced by William Morrissey, and featuring Elizabeth Brice. It is billed as a revue, and as such it parades before the audience a series of specialties such as were given to the boys in France by the Over There Theatre Players. That is the excuse for the entertainment. Both Mr. Morrissey and Miss Brice were among those who gave up fat salary checks to go over troubled waters that American doughboys might have a chance to laugh at "home talent." Practically all the members of the company are "Over There" volunteers. "Toot Sweet" is not spectacular, astounding in its songs or humor, but it is good fun, and one may sit back in a comfortable chair and thoroughly appreciate what these players and their songs and antics must have meant under the shadows of the Argonne.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SHELF OF BOOKS

IT has often been said that there was one great book for every epic of history. It would seem impossible for bruised, pain-racked, but unconquered Belgium to inspire a greater book than Brand Whitlock's "Belgium, a Personal Narrative." (2 Vols., D. Appleton Co.) Mr. Whitlock's advantage over the majority of those who have written of the brave little country is that he was in Belgium as a neutral Minister, and, as such, saw history being made in all quarters of the land. Then, too, he had a likable personality, men and women of Belgium responded to his sympathy for their country, and told him intimate bits of history —the Germans gave him glimpses of their Empire, and how it was to be built—and, above all, Mr. Whitlock is a man of literature. That fact, probably more than any other, is responsible for the excellence of his work. His pen is never overswayed by his emotions. His artistry demanded that he write things as he saw them, and in doing so he has given a graphic picture that stirs the emotions of the reader far more than any ranting preachment could do. The most dramatic incident of his story is, of course, the case of Edith Cavell. Martyrdom has ever held a strange fascination for all readers, and Mr. Whitlock has set forth the case as he knew it to be—set it forth as a lawyer would prepare a brief. One learns that the little English nurse had small chance. She was undoubtedly guilty of what she was accused, but she paid the penalty that the others did not pay because she was British. It is really a terrible passage—circulated as propaganda, it will have its effect. Years from now, when the war horror has been healed by time, and memory recalls suffering from which the pain has been distilled, men and women will undoubtedly read this book and value it as a history. The volumes are really handsome, printed on the finest of paper in splendid type, far superior to the average book-making of to-day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why is it that the play has never become truly popular as reading matter here in the United States? Many plays are as dramatic as short stories, and the picture leaps into life and color, as the imagination is carried through the action of the story. At least, this is so of "The Moon of the Caribbees, and Six Other Plays," by Eugene O'Neil (Boni & Liveright). They are one-act plays of the sea, most of them having been performed by amateur organizations, and at least one, "In the Zone," offered as part of vaudeville bills. "Bound East for Cardiff" and "The Rope" are two of the best plays, but they all lift the reader from the four walls of convention, out to rolling sea, and into the lives of men who go down in ships.

The fact that "Wild Bird Guests," by Ernest Harold Baynes (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is not a new book does not in the least hinder with its interest. It is the type of book to be reviewed one season or the next. It will always be timely and find friends. It is an account, by the man who has done more than any other person in the country to establish protective bird clubs, of the wild birds that have come to live about that bird-loving colony, at Meriden, New Hampshire. By those who have an interest in the feathered folk, and it might be mentioned that the people are slowly awakening to the fact that Bird Conservation is a national necessity when regarded in the light of food production, this volume will be treasured.

Whistling Dan came wandering out from the desert and brought with him a Western story, "The Untamed," by Max Brand (G. P. Putnam's Sons), that is unusually well written and has several elements of novelty, not easy when one realizes that "Western" stories have been exceedingly popular for years, and that our most talented writers have turned their attention to the wild and woolly. This story is of an untamed man, his untamed horse, and his savage dog. Of course, there is a girl, and a set of villains. The novel —truly extraordinary—end of the story is a relief from the ordinary, and must not be disclosed.

Several of Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collected into a volume, and published under the really descriptive title "Love Stories" (George Doran Co.) They are just that, and many of them will be familiar, but they are worth reading a second or even a third time.

Father Duffy, famous and much-loved by the 165th Regiment, and popular with all men in uniform, will write a book of his war experiences that will be published by George H. Doran Co. in the late summer.

Another war book that is promised for early publication is Commander Evangeline Booth's "Story of the Salvation Army," which will come from the Lippincott Company. The place that this organization held throughout the war is too well known to need comment, and an authoritative history of the work will be welcome, both for contemporary reading, and for the files.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)

Business Is Business

WHY not auction off the Post Office Department to private ownership? The profits of this huge business, if privately run on business methods, would go a great way toward payment of our vast national debt. A post office department run under government license and appropriate regulation would develop responsibility and efficiency now impossible as a political prize.

Time was when government employment was a strike preventative. That period has ceased to be. Strikers have no hesitancy in batting government pay schedules and abandoning ship at a moment's notice. In fact strikes taking advantage of temporary necessities of the Administration, against government schedules of pay, are more successful than strikes against privately owned concerns. We have built up a huge operating machine at Washington in a period of war activities. These functions are in the hands of men who arrived there either through patriotism or political preference. The government boards of control are not guided by the laws of business. They are imbued with theoretical dreams of a some-time perfect state—"permanent solution" at the cost of the present generation. If the perfect state were obtainable in business, government and politics, it would come, not by radical reversal of established methods but, as has been continuously proven in precedent, by gradual evolution. Mr. Hines, under duress higher up, is willing to let go of the railroads but clings to mandatory regulation of combination as an essential to better service. He would bunch the strong and weak systems together, obviously to the weakening of the strong.

Is it not sufficient that the government should arbitrate upon rates and service, without interfering with the physical and economic structures? American business has shown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its ability to develop and handle its own affairs without government ownership, whereas our changing political government, necessarily a spoils system, has not concerned itself closely with strict business principles—it has, in the past, left the functions of construction, transportation and physical control in the hands of those who by their achievements have demonstrated their ability to carry on.

Only lately have our idealists, so-called, messed into our big industries, mixed into our great packing businesses, our shipping construction, our railroads and wires, and in each instance to the detriment and threatened ruin of those private businesses, and in each case lessened, not improved, public service.

The American people do not want Socialism at Washington—do not want unbusinesslike bureaus managing established big business, butting into private affairs of our business life as a nation. The public and business welcome proper rules and regulations of all business, wherever it touches great public service—but not confiscatory ownership, with its sure sequence of injustice to personal initiative and subsequent bad management and poor service, from which there is no appeal and no effective protest.

What Is an Honest Man?

"WHAT is the Honest Man?" inquires that irritating person whose chair is always uneasy, that man who conscientiously objects to the world we live in. The answer may not improve his ease, but it should stimulate his spirit. To begin with, the honest man is a changed man. He has shed the outer skin, so to speak, because his environment has altered. His previous attachment to the body politic of life has broadened to a wider scope for honor exercises. He has ceased to be the egoist of a great art, or a great fortune. He is in the fluid impulse of reconstruction. That word is being abused, because it means more than most men can grasp. To each man it has expressed a different ideal, a prospect shaded from public scrutiny by his private ambitions. In reality it is a seed that took root in the shell-holes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mangled lives, the hatreds and violence of war. It has taken root in the scarred soil to perpetuate the eternal promise of redemption to the human race. It is the seed of nourishing fruit, not only for thought but for deed. It is the present hope, the future nourishment of the Honest Man. Before the war he knew nothing of it. All he had heard of in the course of his duty to his fellow men was that if he paid his debts, dispensed a fair percentage of charity, kept certain moral laws of traditional propriety, he could be respected.

To-day, the Honest Man is a link buckled into the great invisible chain of moral reconstruction. The great leaders of finance, no matter how they became such, have changed the tale of national inertia into national sacrifice of their financial greed. Hundreds of millions of dollars earned in the face of envy and suspicion and private hatred have been poured into the hopper of national reconstruction. Those men, whose names have been the target of abuse and criticism for their vast wealth, have yielded to the pressure of the new influence. We salute them with a renewed impulse of impersonal honor; we realize that they are Honest Men in their adoption of the new principle of honesty. They have reached a self-analysis that we must all undergo, they have ceased to be egoists. There is no future for the Honest Man who clings to the egotism of his former standards. He must twist his joints, stiffened through local pride and private ambition, into the rank and file of a new discipline which has come upon us—the discipline of renunciation. We must pay our taxes with pride, we must be patriots, we must economize to build up the pride of international honor. If your chair is uneasy it is because you have not conformed to the new standards of the Honest Man.

Listen to Congress!

THE man who goes to Washington to take his seat in Congress to-day must be a man of iron, because he will encounter the greatest enemy of statesmanship—public opinion. It is a monstrous menace just now, in the confused

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state of world affairs, divided as it is between ideal expectations and better realities. Never in the history of the world was so great a nation confronted with the responsibility of parliamentary wisdom as the American people are now. It is too late to discuss the internal vanities and jealousies of political influence, we are too far from shore to turn back home. We must go on in the diplomatic ship on which we have embarked. Our compass is a bit askew. Some of us are not sure whether to map our course by the old chart of the Constitution, or the older chart of European diplomacy. We are already in mid-channel, and the old captain Congress is our safety. We must look to Congress for a safe trip, a smooth harbor in which to anchor our national future. The Government has made a success of the war, but it is the sixty-sixth Congress that will confirm that success. Therefore let's sustain our fundamental ideals and our national dignity with the strength of our own voice—which will be heard in the most important Congressional session of all American history.

Putting Tacks in Uncle Sam's Chair

SOMEONE put a tack in our swinging chair and we want to warn others, who may be as unprepared as we were, to meet the shock. There are a lot of mischievous human beings who will do this sort of thing in the coming somnolence of the summer season. A man who will put a tack in the chair of an unsuspecting citizen—should be punished! He seems to prefer the solid citizen for his torture to the no-account wastrel like himself. It is this sort of instinct that breeds crime. The bombs that were recently sent through the mail to prominent men were sent by men who would rather put a tack in your seat then do an honest day's work. Catch a mischievous youth in time; and you will spare the community much pain. Bolshevism, humanitarian cults, cubists, radicals, faddists, emotional proletarians, are always putting tacks in the chairs of Uncle Sam—there is a remedy and it is not in the religion of tolerance. Some of the space given to proclamations and posters might be used in Warn-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ings and Punishments awaiting mischievous boarders within our too open national house.

The Next Cause of War

IF the next war is to be a class war, Richelieu's famous declaration, that half the population can always be hired to murder the other half, should be borne in mind. Principles do not perish in the devastation wrought by war, but the history of warfare reveals the important fact that the side that has the most gold wins; for gold will hire men. These are cold facts, and, as Major-General Wood has said, " War will go on."

The world has witnessed all kinds of wars, wars for plunder and rapine; wars of religion; wars of personal ambition; wars of commerce; so, by a process of elimination, the Class War has odds in its favor.

We cannot prevent class wars by covenants. Covenants suggest honorable relations of peoples of the same class. Covenants are not kept by those who want something the covenant denies them. There are two classes of people in the world; those who hire and those who are hired. They are always at issue upon questions of rights and schedules of pay. Their points of view and habit of thought are at variance. They see from different angles. It is a fallacious idea that they will lie down or work together in complete harmony. They never have and they never will. The ideal socialistic state is not in the terrestrial scheme of things—it is contrary to all established precedents of the economic law—of the law of supply and demand.

The commercial world is approaching the labor world with the right hand of business fellowship. Conditions are improving between the hirer and the hired; but their interests can never be wholly the same. The individual hirer will always be found who seeks more. and the great body of the hired will always strive for more pay; thus the elements of clash will continue to exist; for the absurd doctrines of Bolshevism are unsound and are breaking in the middle, the point of contact, between the producer and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manufacturer, as has been evidenced in Russia. The Soviet councils have been unable to buy, of the producers' unions, the raw materials to supply industry at a price that is satisfactory to the schedule for the pay of labor set by the Soviets' council.

Class War is Revolution. If we are to face Revolution in the next decade or in the next fifty years there are only two forces that can combat or defer it—education of the masses and war strength of governments. Both measures are vital to peace.

The Gateway to Home Again

TO THOSE who abide in New York, these stirring after-war days, there is sweet music in the ever resonant hum from the incoming transport. Each day brings back another cargo of our fighting boys. Vibrating over the great city, the reiterant song of the ship's siren announces its approach to port. Across the sky a great plane, drumming the ether, sways out over the river in greeting. Down at the pier, eager faces, dew-wet eyes, palpitating hearts, await the lowering of the gang-plank. The boys are coming back, these valiant, red-blooded American youths who went forth and offered their all on the altar of the Nation's honor. New York is vibrant with them these days. They are everywhere, on the thoroughfares, in the welcome-huts, in the restaurants, at the theatres,—lonesome, serious-eyed, homesick boys, some of them; others, happy and joyous, with a sweetheart clinging on their arms, a little mother walking by their sides, a big brother come to New York to greet them. The welcoming hand of the great city goes out to meet them, and God-speed them homeward. It isn't much Father Knickerbocker can do, but the few days of their visits have been made pleasant in a hundred ways. The welcome back is New York's part today and the boys will remember the first sight of home from the glimpse of the city's skyline, the hand that greets them back, the doors that open at their coming and the smiles that bid them eat, laugh and be merry,—these war heroes, the great city's honored guests.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can We Unmobilize?

WHEN a soldier returns from war, he hangs his khaki in the closet, his helmet on a nail, kicks his boots off, and goes back to working clothes.

The habiliments of war are cast off. He is ready to take up the real job of putting his own house in order; that is, if he is a good citizen and has any responsibilities. He doesn't go strutting around in uniform and give his time to big talks about the new world we live in. He gets right back on the job and puts pep into regular work and looks after the pennies. He wants to make good at home and put war ideas on the shelf for rainy evenings and club meetings.

There are a lot of civilian soldiers, political soldiers, and "soldiers" in the old slang sense, who want to continue things for the good of their own pocketbook, personal ambitions, or political continuance. How are we to unmobilize them? First we've got to unmobilize a lot of over-night laws, orders, and regulations of war-time purpose, but still hangovers in and around the house, very nauseating to democracy at home. After we hit on the head some deadletter autocracy at Washington, we must clean house and adjust our system there to the normal life and daily business affairs of everybody. We have been inundated with rules and regulations, penalties and "verbotens" enough to satisfy even the early Imperialistic period of the rule of the Hohenzollerns.

We are enmeshed in a network of war intrigue. We don't know who's who, or who owns what. We don't know what we can manufacture or what we can export or import, buy or sell, and at what price until we consult our lawyer, who consults Washington or the tax-collector—and they don't know. We don't know what is a luxury or what the tax is—if it is a luxury.

Perhaps the 66th Congress will unmobilize us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sanctum Talk

Wherein we Take the Reader Into Our Confidence

THE POETRY EDITOR (entering the Sanctum): You didn't give me a decision upon that poem on "Friendship" that I submitted.

THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR (calling over the partition): Say, aren't you ever going to run fiction in THE FORUM?

THE SUBSCRIPTION LADY: A lot of new subscribers in the mail this morning and—oh, yes, you ought to write the Government—a lot of people are complaining that they don't get THE FORUM regularly. Here's a letter—

"'It is my favorite magazine, and I miss it when it fails to reach me.'"

This comes from a little town in Montana. It warms the heart of the Sanctum occupant to think that he has reached out to Montana and pleased a good solid American there.

In March we told you about writing a hundred and fifty letters. That was a gratifying talk with our folks, and a lot of them came back into the circle. We wish we had time to exchange thoughts direct with another one hundred and fifty. It does an editor good to rub elbows intellectually with the flock. They give him a point of view that he needs and open the door to their interests. A man in Illinois writes:

> "It affords me great pleasure to state how much I like the February issue of THE FORUM. It happily assumes a position in the literary career of our nation and it faithfully fulfills the ambition. At a public meeting where I addressed a large audience I took pleasure in directing attention to the great value of THE FORUM as a periodical meriting the good will of patriotic Americans."

And still the letters come. After so long a silence, to hear from our readers is like a fresh spring rain after a winter's chill.

Out in Oklahoma, too, there are FORUM readers and FORUM students. In one of the State colleges THE FORUM is used in the English classes. From the college came this request: "The question of the history of your magazine is constantly being asked by the students of our English classes. Please favor me with this information."

* * *

AS THE FORUM has had a long and useful career, it may be of interest to Sanctum Talk readers to be given the brief history we sent to the Oklahoma College, so we shall reproduce part of the letter here:

> THE FORUM was established in 1886 by Isaac L. Rice, Assistant Professor of Law at Columbia College, practically the pioneer in building submarine boats. Its first editor was Lorettus S. Metcalf, of Maine, a journalist, once managing editor of the *North American Review*. Mr. Metcalf was the inspiring genius of THE FORUM and was associated with Professor Rice for a number of years. In 1890 the Magazine was edited by Walter Hines Page, who subsequently became editor of the *World's Work* and later Ambassador to Great Britain, at which post he recently died. Mr. Page's associate editor was Alfred E. Keet, who succeeded Mr. Page as editor of the Magazine, Mr. Page having resigned to become editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Keet subsequently became editor and publisher of the American edition of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Mr. Keet is now associated with the present editorial staff of THE FORUM magazine.
>
> During the entire history of THE FORUM it has had conspicuous contributors, including so many eminent names that it would be impossible to give anywhere near a com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plete list, but in the earlier days might be mentioned Huxley, Tyndall, the Duke of Argyll, Roosevelt, Maeterlinck and many members of the French Academy and every President of the United States since the Magazine has been established.

Some of the recent contributors include most of the important members of the United States Senate, the Cabinet and eminent members of the bar, distinguished college presidents, great opera singers, eminent artists—a list so long that this page would not hold half their names. THE FORUM has been pre-eminently a platform of the world's greatest thinkers for the past thirty-five years.

The present editor has spent his life in literary pursuits, having represented prominent American newspapers and magazines five years in the Far East, during the Philippine and Chinese wars, and has written books on the subject. In 1898 he was appointed Vice and Deputy Consul-General of the United States at Hongkong, China, and later went around the world as special commissioner for a syndicate of leading newspapers. He is the author of "Aguinaldo, A Narrative of Filipino Ambitions," and "Reconstructing America—Our Next Big Job," just in the press of The Page Company, Boston. For twelve years he has been the head of a literary service in New York.

* * *

NOW, we're not going to talk about ourselves all the time. We're going to talk of the Sanctum—about poetry and politics, Government and horseless farms, women's new position in industry and national affairs, the arts and Bolshevism, nationalism and World Government by a League of Nations—these and other topics that we have to talk over in the Sanctum.

All sorts of thought-waves beat in on the Sanctum desk. We sit in the midst of alarms and listen to the bells. Some days it seems as if the world were going to the demnition bow-wows, and again comes the breath of optimism and the bright sunlight in the South window of our soul, and we hope again. One contributor comes who looks into the glass darkly, while at the same time another is knocking at our door, awaiting the heel taps of the first. He is a crystal-gazer, who visions the bright future. From his eyes shine the light of health and his voice rings clear with confidence. "The world grows better," he tells us, "John Barleycorn has withered up, war is banished from the face of the earth and the price of butter and eggs is going down."

Good news—and important, if true—was our thought, but now an aeroplane hums over Twenty-eighth Street and goes whirring off East toward Trepassey. By some occult process, or, perchance, through the outworkings of the subconscious mind, our thoughts speed on the wings of the plane on across the Atlantic, over Europe to the seething caldron of peoples—to Russia, to Asia Minor—even over the desert of Omar Khayyam to China, and vast peoples in conflict arise before us. We wonder—is war over? Has human conflict ceased? What does the future hold for humanity? . . .

THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR (intruding): An article on "Vedism and the Origin of Castes," by an East Indian gentleman.

(We lay down our pencil. The quick short step of the OFFICE BOY beats a staccato down the corridor). . . . .

THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR (continuing): It is in plain, unscientific language—analyzing the Vedistic theory of Creation and the development, from early intellectual manifestations, of Caste—interesting, but off the track of current events. Do you wish to read it?

THE POETRY EDITOR (impatiently): But you haven't read that poem on "Friendship."

THE OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR: That article of mine on "The Meanings of Peace" is timely now.

OFFICE BOY: *Proof!* (Sounds ominously like "Poof!")

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED